COULD 20,000 TROOPS TAKE NEW YORK?

OCT. 15,
1932

RINTED IN CANADA

Liberty

5¢

America's Best Read Weekly

Leslie Thrasher

Perhaps you've tried Spud. Perhaps old smoking habits were too strong . . . and you didn't get mouth-happiness.

If at first you don't succeed . . .

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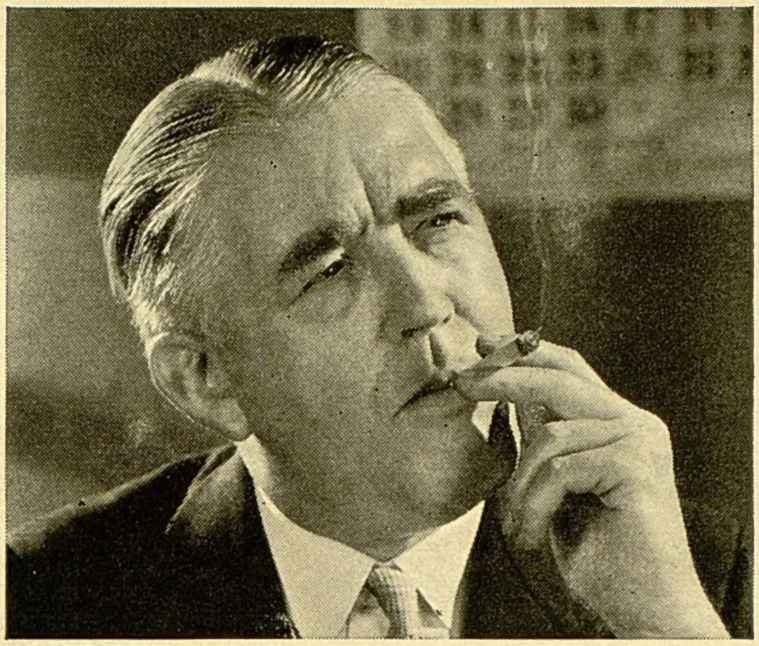
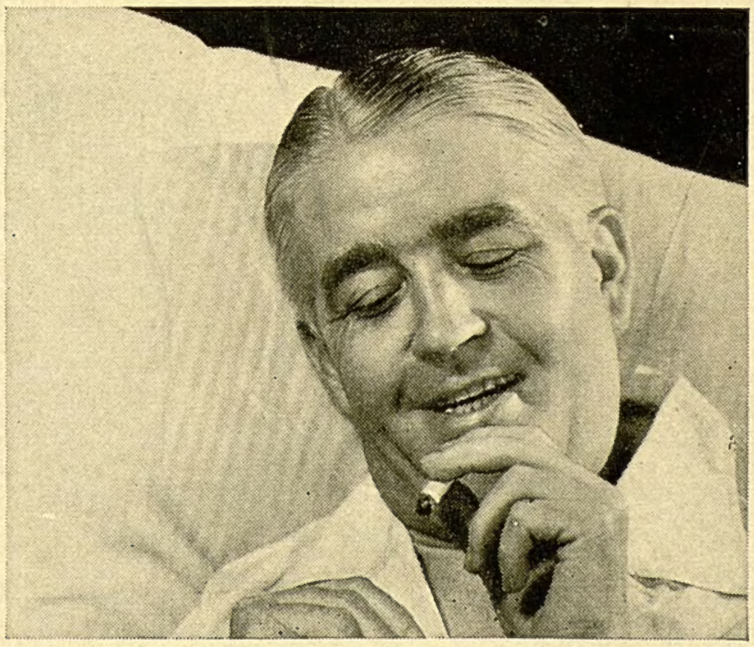


1 ***Light Another Spud . . .*** You experience again that unusual sensation which surprised you once before. Maybe that's where you failed the first time. Don't make the same mistake *now*. Don't stop.

2 ***Smoke Through a Pack of Spuds . . .*** The menthol taste gradually disappears. You become conscious of a delightfully fresh and clean taste in your mouth. You are one step nearer to success.



3 ***Because of This Coolness,*** and this clean taste . . . your palate becomes much keener . . . much better able to get all the pleasure out of Spud's rich tobacco flavor. And this means: you've arrived at your goal . . . Spud's mouth-happiness!

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Liberty
America's Best Read Weekly

OCTOBER 15, 1932 VOL. 9, NO. 42

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

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EMASCULATED WOMEN—GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOLS

All schools should be a training process that prepares one for life as it is being lived.

Many of our girls' schools give considerable attention to that which is shallow and frivolous; the girls are taught social usages—the mechanical requirements of being well bred. But the necessity of feeling the part they are playing is rarely emphasized.

The outstanding object of a girls' school should be the development of feminine characteristics, and the attribution of weakness to femininity is no longer tenable. Women can be and should be strong in their femininity, just as a man should be strong in his masculinity.

There are virtually no girls' schools in existence in this country that give the proper amount of attention to bodily development. As much, even more, time should be given to the physical training of girls as is now given to that of boys.

Many girls grow up awkward and ungainly in physical appearance, when the proper amount of bodily training would give them beautifully rounded, symmetrical bodies. And then the poise and grace which is so important in social life would be automatically acquired.

When the momentous decision is made in the average home that daughter will go to a boarding school, the victim as a rule is natural and wholesome. Frequently she is somewhat of a tomboy, playful; life is a lot of fun to her. But in the school environment she finds a vastly different routine.

Youth is extremely impressionable and the new environment often makes rapid changes. The importance of pretense, the necessity of hiding one's real feelings, is now emphasized. The charm of wholesome naturalness is gradually worn off, and the notion is gradually inculcated that people should be judged by the polish of their finger nails and their rigid adherence to social formalities.

In this process, buoyant aliveness—the overweening desire to sing and dance and frolic about—must be curbed; and it is.

The growth and development of a girl's body depends upon regular vigorous use. Too often, after she becomes obsessed with her social importance, high heels soon make walking difficult and she soon loses that bodily genuineness so necessary to the development of fine, upstanding womanhood.

And when daughter comes back home after a year in a so-called finishing school, frequently she has lost much of her respect for her parents. They are old-fashioned and out-of-date—so she thinks.

With her head full of knowledge—mostly useless—she has a calm feeling of superiority over the home folks. She usually has a superiority complex; for she has been to a finishing school and she feels she has a right to put on airs. She has usually acquired a large amount of information of use to her in the world of make-believe, but little or no knowledge of the important facts of real life.

She has usually acquired abundant information about the abnormalities of sex life; she hears much from her fellow students about the experiences of sweetheart days—but as a rule she does not hear a word on this momentous theme from her teachers. The world of invaluable facts that means so much to home building is rarely referred to, and marriage and motherhood are subjects that are largely taboo.

Birth, marriage, and death are said to be the three most important events of life. One need not prepare for birth—and death ends everything. But marriage is simply the beginning of the serious phases of life, and there is no effort in girls' schools to train their students for it.

For centuries our educational system has followed certain lines. The schools attended in the time of Dickens and Thackeray, of Fenimore Cooper and William Cullen Bryant, have not changed greatly. In those days the stork brought all our babies; we were so rotten-minded with prudery that we defiled the very source of life itself. And it is time this devilish attitude was crushed absolutely.

The body can be made beautiful, wonderful. We should learn to respect and even revere it. And until this wholesome mind-cleansing attitude is assumed in our girls' schools everywhere they will continue to turn out emasculated femininity.

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Could 20,000 Troops Take *New York*?

(Reading time: 14 minutes 35 seconds.)

"NEW YORK can be taken by twenty thousand men."

This may strike you as it struck me when I heard it uttered in grave earnestness recently by certain gentlemen who ought to know what they are talking about.

"Twenty thousand?" I said. "You can't mean that. Why, the New York police force is as large as that!"

"Twenty thousand troops," I was told, "can take New York so easily that orders are out to have a little quiet attention paid to the matter."

My alarming informants then showed me how it can be done, and why. Before I disclose the facts with which they verified their statement, I want you to look at a scene they described for me.

The time is next year, next week, or tomorrow.

New York stands humbled in surrender, stripped bare of wealth and of power, while from New England to the Middle West the richest nation on earth lies stunned at the feet of the despoilers.

Ten incredible days have passed since the first masked troopship from over the sea came blandly to dock along the river flanks of the unsuspecting city. Ten days of bewilderment since the enemy struck, without breath of warning, by air and land and water. Less than two weeks of war, of masterly attack, of pitiful defense, and now it is finished.

The outcome is stupefying.

With unbelievable ease no more than twenty thousand men have seized New York and paralyzed America.

Now the assault is won. There is no more fighting.

But the invaders are cautious. Still their dark-green war planes drone overhead, while our streets, our railways, our public buildings are still patrolled by squads of foreign riflemen who wear upon the collars of their dark-green tunics the emblem "A. P. F."

They are the Allied Punitive Force. They are Europe's answer to "American supremacy"; or they are Asia's David sent to teach Goliath of the West a neat little lesson in blood and shame; to loot the big boob in the good old cause of "help yourself"; to punish America for the sin of pacifism and the crime of advertised success.

"They'd never dare try such a thing," you say. "And they'd never get away with it if they did."

Exactly what I said at first.

But the ominous scene I have just depicted comes to me straight from United States army officers closely associated with the development of our national defense.

I found the idea hard to swallow.

"To begin with," I lectured my military friends, "your surprise attack is all wet. We'd be up on our toes as soon as war was declared."

The army men smiled. One of them enlightened me: "There won't be any declaration of war."

"There must be. International law demands it."

"Sure. But war has been outlawed so diligently by the peacemakers that up-to-date warmakers feel they might as well go the whole hog. Witness Japan's jamboree in China. Our so-called laws of civilized warfare won't be worth a dime a dozen the next time the bell rings. And declaring war will be considered a chump trick, like challenging your rival to a duel. Why hand the big stiff a shot at you when you can plug him in the back? Give him the works before he knows you're after him. Clean out his pockets—then scram. Take old man Ludendorff's word for it, that's the way the war lords are figuring from now on."

"Sounds like gangster stuff," I remarked.

"Just what it is. The wide-awake military powers have been learning a lot from our racket system."

"So that's where New York comes in?"

"No doubt about it! New York offers the sweetest haul in the world. The port lies open to attack by sea and air. Europe knows this. So does Asia.

"With New York unprotected, any foreign power or group of powers can pull such a fast one here that we won't realize what it's all about

"I AGREE with Mr. Lorimer Hammond," says Robert Dunn, naval and military expert. "Twenty thousand troops properly handled could, in view of the present condition of our armed forces, take New York."

Robert Dunn

As a wartime intelligence officer with Admiral Sims in London, as intelligence officer for the State and Navy Departments in Turkey, Russia, Roumania, and other countries, Robert Dunn's career in the diplomacy of war has been exceptional. Assigned to the Russo-Japanese conflict in 1904, he has not missed a war of major importance since. He was an inside observer on every World War front, including the German. He is the author of the new novel of war and adventure, Horizon Fever, and of other books.

About our defense of New York he tells Liberty:

"Obviously the supreme wealth of New York offers a supreme temptation. Yes, New York City and New York Harbor must be much more carefully protected against surprise attack, and the most logical, the surest and cheapest means is a battleship fleet superior to any possible foreign naval force.

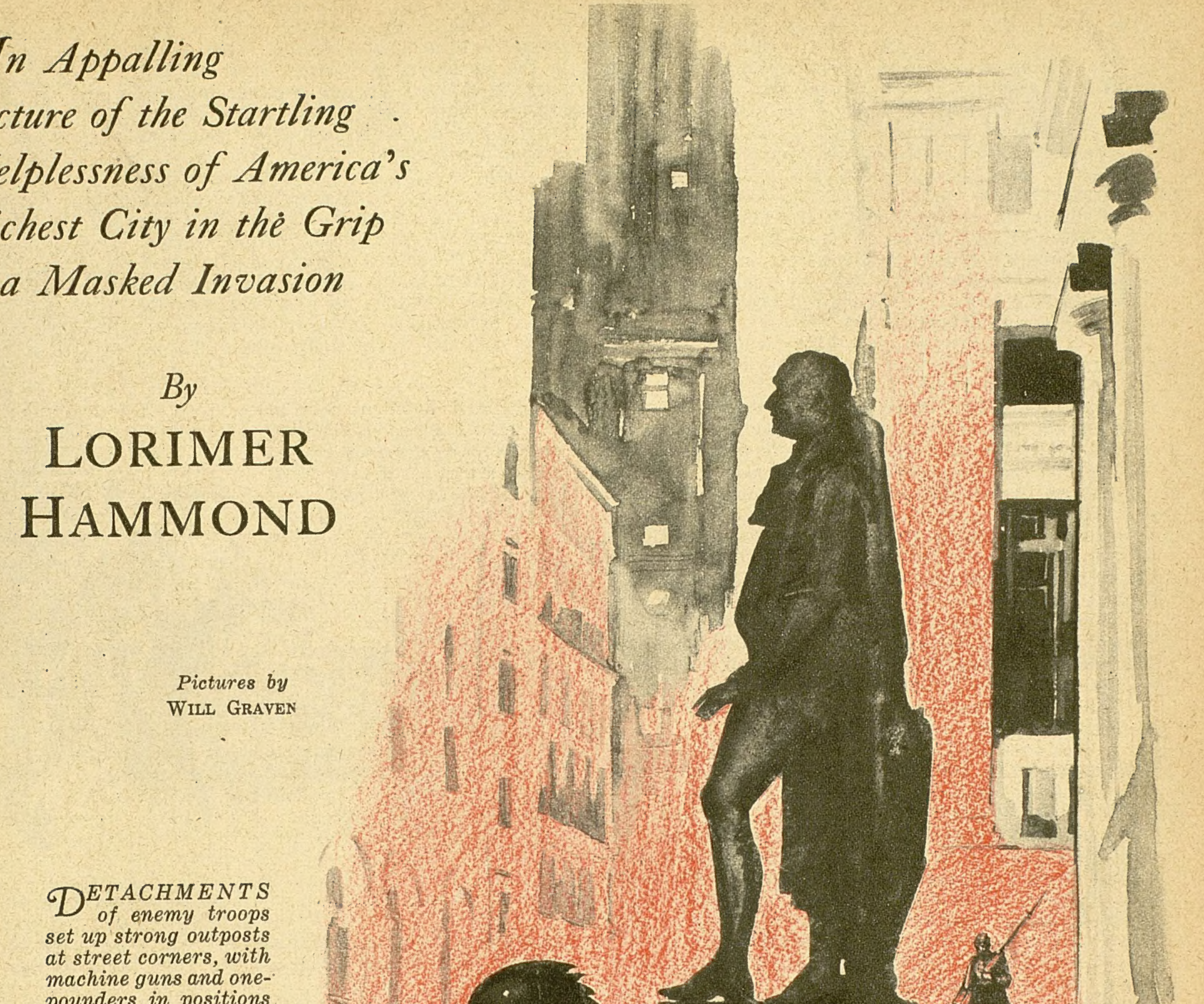
"Yes, we should organize our defense of New York on a more modern basis with due consideration to air attack, motor transport, etc., but this should be secondary to ocean-going armaments, including plane carriers, that must destroy the enemy before he can reach our coast."

An Appalling Picture of the Startling Helplessness of America's Richest City in the Grip of a Masked Invasion

By

LORIMER HAMMOND

Pictures by
WILL GRAVEN



DETACHMENTS of enemy troops set up strong outposts at street corners, with machine guns and one-pounders in positions to enfilade the streets.

until we find ourselves buying Manhattan back from the burglars at an indemnity price that will make the late lamented war debts look like cigarette money."

As I have said, the information I quote in this article comes from officers directly concerned with our national defense. Since talking with them I have checked what they told me against the judgment of other officers, army, navy, and aviation. For an obvious reason the names of those I consulted cannot be revealed. But I found their views on the subject extraordinarily uniform; for, while some of them differ on minor points, all agree emphatically that the unguarded aspect of New York

City bares a vital spot to the thrust of any audacious foe.

They base this contention on two arguments:

1. That our present arrangements for the defense of New York, being obsolete and inadequate, cannot protect the city from assault by modern methods of warfare.

2. That a small expeditionary force operating from New York can disrupt our internal life sufficiently to compel a quick settlement on the enemy's terms.

The plan of attack, as outlined to me, would swing upon three smooth hinges of action. First, before launching their offensive the enemy would undertake to know the exact position of all defense effectives in our New York area, the sources and distribution points for all supplies, and the location of New York's movable wealth.

Second, they would bring their aircraft carriers within flying reach of our Atlantic coast.

Third, troops disguised as civilians would be landed from seemingly innocent passenger ships at docks along our New York river front.

Let Mr. Intelligence Officer take up Move No. 1.

"Practically everything," says he, "that an invading enemy would need to know about us can be picked up long in advance at the New York Public Library. The National Defense Act of 1920 contains our mobilization program, and the act is available to anyone who reads English. The names and addresses of our National Guard and Navy officers are also available in public lists. News items revealing the disposition of our regular army units appear in the papers.

"An immigrant may join our National Guard almost as soon as he arrives in this country. He becomes eligible immediately after he files his first application for citizenship. As a member of a National Guard unit, any foreign soldier trained in the art can do a thorough job of espionage on our defense equipment.

"NO scrutiny of persons is exercised at Aberdeen, Maryland, where our Ordnance Association puts on an annual show to which civilian guests are invited. To my personal knowledge, representatives of at least one potentially unfriendly power have been present as guests when our latest models of fighting machinery were there displayed. No attempt at secrecy veils the conduct of our army maneuvers. The newspapers report them in full, and any stranger can follow them unchallenged.

"New York's mixed population makes the city a paradise for spies. The espionage work preparatory to a surprise attack on New York can be carried out to the finest detail with little risk of discovery or interference."

There you have the Intelligence Department angle.

We now advance to the second feature of the campaign—the approach of enemy aircraft carriers by sea.

On this deadly item I quote a veteran officer of the United States Marine Flying Corps—a man whose further experience as one of our ablest air-mail pilots has given him a very special knowledge of New York as an arena for aërial attack.

I asked him if he believed that New York City could be taken by twenty thousand troops.

"Hell, why waste man power?" he said. "Two thousand can do it!"

That was exaggeration, I told him.

"Listen." He spoke slowly, convincingly. "Any night when the fog is down, I alone can kill every man, woman, and child in New York City."

"Gas?"

"Certainly."

His assertion brings up a disturbing question. How many gas masks can we count on for the use of American troops and civilians? Have we any in reserve? And what is our reserve supply of neutralizing chemicals?

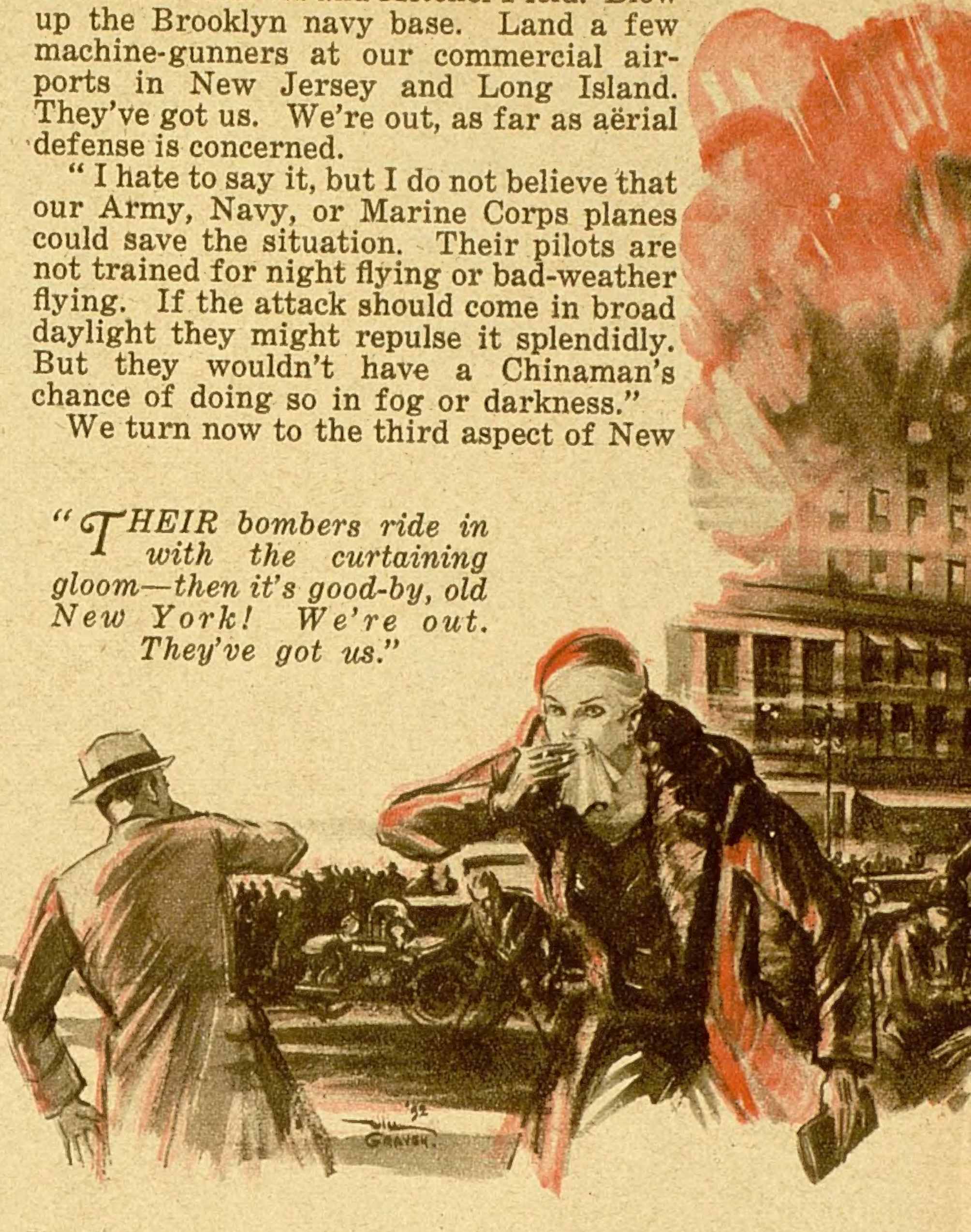
"Enemy bombing planes," he continued, "can operate efficiently against New York from carriers lying out at sea two hundred miles off the coast. They can be over the city in less than two hours' flying time.

"Weather conditions along our eastern seaboard make the air defense of New York intensely difficult from September to May. Miles away at sea their fleet of carriers waits for one of our frequent nights of ocean fog. Their bombers ride in with the curtaining gloom—then it's good-by, old New York!

"They put us right out of business. Drop a dozen 'eggs' on our military airdromes at Mineola and Mitchel Field. Blow up the Brooklyn navy base. Land a few machine-gunners at our commercial airports in New Jersey and Long Island. They've got us. We're out, as far as aërial defense is concerned.

"I hate to say it, but I do not believe that our Army, Navy, or Marine Corps planes could save the situation. Their pilots are not trained for night flying or bad-weather flying. If the attack should come in broad daylight they might repulse it splendidly. But they wouldn't have a Chinaman's chance of doing so in fog or darkness."

We turn now to the third aspect of New York's downfall. The man who next addresses us is an authority on New York street fighting. I can tell you this much about him: he has access to private data on all sorts of Manhattan violence, from rum raids to Red uprisings.



"THEIR bombers ride in with the curtaining gloom—then it's good-by, old New York! We're out. They've got us."

He said: "A few thousand troops backed up by skilled air raiders could take New York in double-quick time if opposed by no stronger defense than we can show today.

"Our port and harbor officials do not enforce any control of incoming ships vigorously enough to prevent the surprise landing of several enemy regiments disguised as civilians. Three or four large ships—apparently innocent passenger liners—could no doubt run past Quarantine in the dead of night without arousing grave suspicion. Their only possible hindrance would be our half dozen Coast Guard rum-chasers stationed at Staten Island.

"From what I know of New York Harbor at night, I believe the worst reception our masquerading enemies would get would be the voice of some old customs officer yelling irately at them, 'You'll be fined for this!'"

The four big ships steam straight to our piers at the foot of Fourteenth Street, at Twenty-third Street, at Fortieth Street, and at Sixtieth Street. From these points their men can be rapidly moved through crosstown streets to the heart of the city.

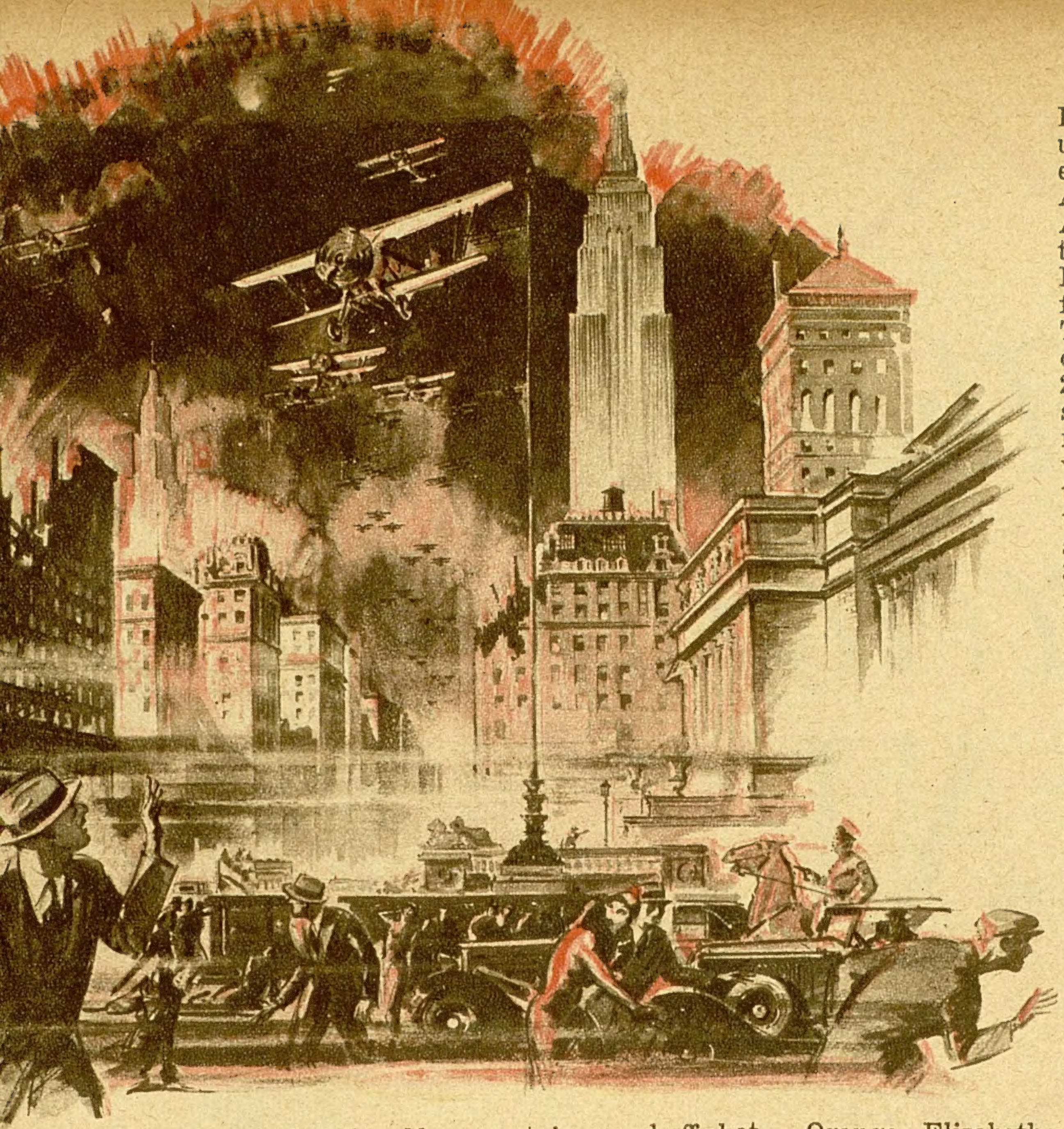
It is 5 A. M.—a little before dawn.

At each pier the telephone wires have been cut and the watchman knocked out by small bands of enemy confederates. Fast tugs manned by other confederates warp the ships in quickly. Gangplanks are rushed into position.

Down come the invaders. They leave the ships in groups of ten or twelve. All are disguised as civilians. All carry tool kits or hand baggage. But the tools they bring are instruments for dealing death.

Some wear the rough garb of laborers. Thousands like them may be seen going to work throughout the city at this hour.

Other units, dressed in neat inconspicuous suits, cannot be distinguished from the vast crowd of clerks and



business men. Yet their hand bags contain sawed-off shotguns, automatics, ammunition, grenades, and gas masks.

Twenty or thirty taxicabs driven by enemy confederates are on hand. Near-by garages where trucks may be commandeered have been spotted long in advance. Things begin to happen with smooth lightning precision.

Simultaneously the raiders carry out three actions:

1. They rush a strong detachment to Police Headquarters on Center Street, ten minutes by taxi from the Fourteenth Street docks. Their purpose is to take over at once the teletype system used by the police for communicating with precinct stations. This will be the means of directing their attack throughout the city.

2. In heavy numbers they raid the garages of concerns engaged in the transport of money by armored truck. Fifty or more armored cars equipped with machine and submachine guns, riot guns, etc., now speed rapidly across the city to take command of all strategic points.

3. Don't forget the enemy spies who have joined our National Guard. They are busy, too. Led by them, groups of raiders descend upon each of New York's National Guard armories. These and the arsenals are guarded each by one lone civilian watchman. He is promptly blackjacked when he answers the bell. Within half an hour the reserve supplies of arms for the defense of the city are controlled by the foe.

THEIR next step is the elimination of New York's "police army"—the thousand cops always in readiness for riot duty. Orders from headquarters—orders flashed over the wires by the enemy: the police army is mobilized by ruse at a carefully chosen place ambushed by machine guns. And that is the end of that.

Meanwhile the disguised troops pouring out of the transports filter through the city. Now there is fighting with the police at isolated points, but the onslaught is too widespread to be stopped.

Three columns of fifteen hundred men march toward the armories, flanked by armored cars and fast tanks brought over on the decks of the enemy ships. Within fifteen minutes the troops from the Sixtieth Street pier have taken the 212th Coast Artillery armory at Sixty-second Street and the Medical Regiment at Sixty-sixth. From the Fortieth Street pier a column wheels across town to the Seventy-first Regiment armory at Park Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. Another makes for the armory of the 107th Infantry Regiment at Park and Sixty-sixth. Columns from the Chelsea pier dash across Twenty-third Street to the armories of the 165th Infantry and the old 244th Artillery. The subways are still running, armored cars having rushed troops to the power houses with technicians to take over control. Columns of enemy troops use the subway to reach the uptown armories of the 101st Cavalry, the 369th Infantry, and the 102d Engineers.

At each pier special squads in fast cars stand ready. No sooner are the armories taken than detachments of enemy troops set up strong outposts at street corners, with machine guns and one-pounders concealed in positions to enfilade the streets.

Zero hour is now at hand.

HIGH up in the clouds the bombers are roaring in from sea. They reach the city just before dawn. Their targets are Fort Tilden, Brooklyn Navy Yard, Governors Island, Forts Totten, Slocum, Hamilton, Hancock, Wadsworth, and Monmouth. They also eliminate the National Guard armories in Jersey City, Hoboken, Newark, East Orange, Elizabeth, and Paterson. Our regular army garrisons are wiped out mercilessly.

Meanwhile the enemy aircraft carriers move in nearer the coast. Bombers destroy our navy arsenals in the Hudson and near Dover, New Jersey. West Point is bombed. Also the Coast Guard station at Stapleton and the National Guard armories at Peekskill, Newburgh, Asbury Park, and along the Connecticut line.

A special fleet of heavy bombers operates to disrupt all rail communication between New York and the rest of the country. Yards and lines are blown up. The river ferries are destroyed.

Thus the immediate defense of the city is checkmated. If our attempts to repulse the invasion become threatening, the enemy can counter by menacing the civilian population of New York with total destruction by poison gas.

"I do not believe," said my military friends, "that they would be obliged to carry such a reprisal very far. A few bombs in Wall Street, a little gas along Park Avenue, and public terror would force us to negotiate."

And our negotiations would mean—indemnity. The invaders would first empty every bank vault in the city, taking two billions or more in gold, jewels, and currency. They would then impose an enormous indemnity, or "ransom," insuring America's financial subjection for years to come.

"Suppose," I was told, "we elected to forsake New York and fight it out. Our regular army, numbering approximately 125,000, is so scattered across the continent as to be practically useless if called upon for speedy defense measures. About thirty per cent of its effectives are stationed outside territorial limits, in Hawaii, Panama, the Philippines, etc. There are not fifty thousand combatant troops ready to take the field here, and there is no modernized plan for defense concentration.

"When I say that twenty thousand men can take New York, I mean it literally. No doubt an enemy power commanding resourceful military brains could devise a cleverer scheme than the one I have outlined here."

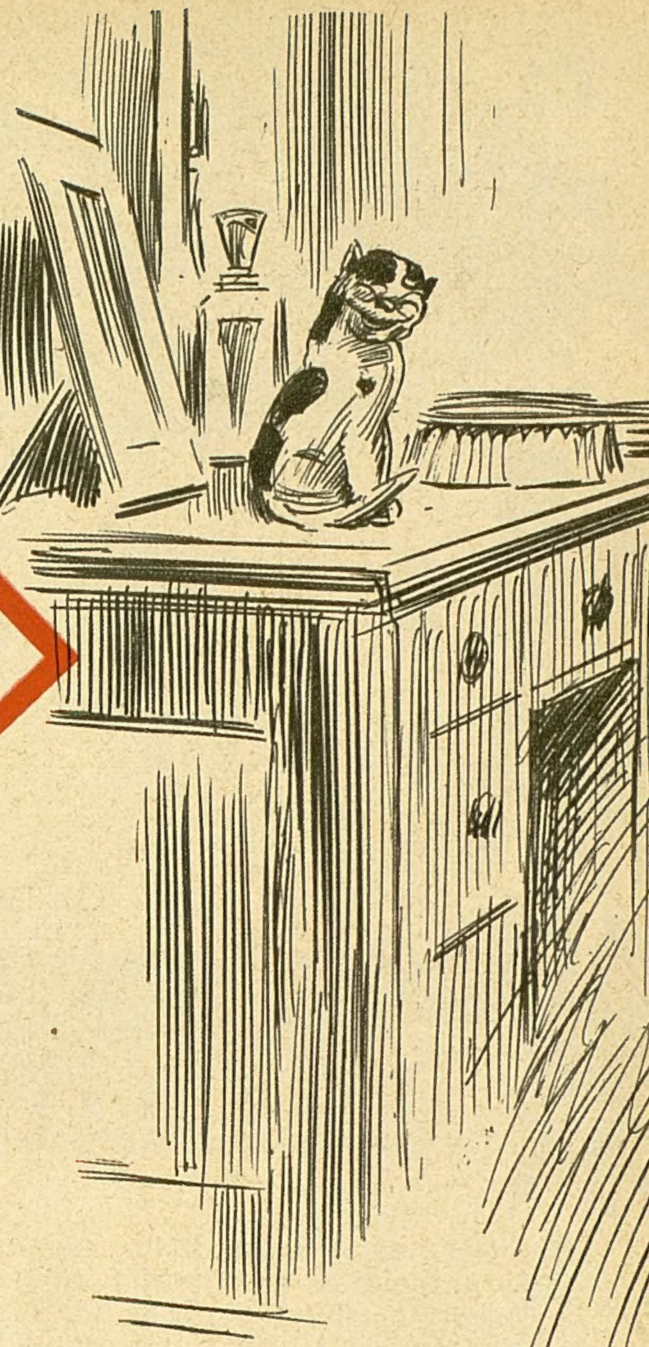
The writer has only one thing to add to this statement that twenty thousand troops can take New York:

He hopes they won't!

THE END

Pictures by
James Montgomery Flagg

The Porcelain CAT



By PAUL DERESCO AUGSBURG

(Reading time: 30 minutes 56 seconds.)

THE automobile was the only one Mrs. Brame had ever owned. It had been in the family since 1910, the year when her husband had succumbed to the march of progress and replaced his carriage and span of bays with the best that the market offered. A handsome car in its day, no doubt; but now people turned, amused, at the sight of its queer low hood and short deep body moving along with the traffic.

Approaching Thirty-fourth Street, Mrs. Brame looked out at a forest of girders sprouting up from the grave of the Waldorf. She viewed it with distress and aversion; then, drawing the curtain petulantly, she shut the sight from her vision.

"Dear me, pretty soon New York will be a whole new city—not anything left as I knew it."

Presently her car turned from the avenue and, after proceeding eastward a bit, drew up in front of a large hotel which was built in the early '80s.

Her footman, liveried like the chauffeur, hurried around to open the door.

"Here, Ambrose," he said respectfully, reaching in and very carefully lifting a cat from the cushions. "Now don't fidget like that, Ambrose. You'll be inside in a minute."

"Yes, don't fidget, Ambrose," Mrs. Brame repeated.

"Mind your footing, ma'am. *Ambrose,* stop it, can't you?"

Passing pedestrians slowed their steps to stare at the strange arrival. Not less quaint than her car, with its square brass side lights and press-bulb horn, was the woman. Her clothes were of a style which twenty years ago had been the height of fashion. Her stiff-brimmed hat sat high on her head, her sleeves were tight, and her long gray skirt was full and wide at the bottom.

For Mrs. Brame had ceased to change from the year that she lost her husband. His death came only a few months after the car was bought; and that car and the mode of her apparel and her outlook on life had remained the same, as if time itself, rolling swiftly on, had forgotten to take her with it. She would be seventy in August.

At the desk Mrs. Brame removed her glove and signed the register.

"You'll find everything ready," the clerk assured her. "The luggage has been taken up, and your maid is—"

Mrs. Brame, nodding her head, paid no further attention. The clerk was bald and slightly stooped, with an old-fashioned stand-up collar. He fitted into the scene as harmoniously as the gilded pillars and the red-plush chairs and the potted palms which were placed about the quiet spacious lobby. Entering this place was like stepping back into the nineteenth century.

"I can remember your hotel the year it was opened," she said, and sighed; then wondered, mildly surprised at herself, why she had told him that.

An abrupt scraping noise filled the lobby, followed at once by music. Mrs. Brame was startled. The music seemed to spring out of nowhere, an orchestra strangely starting in the middle of a measure, playing something she'd never known, a lively, raucous dance tune.

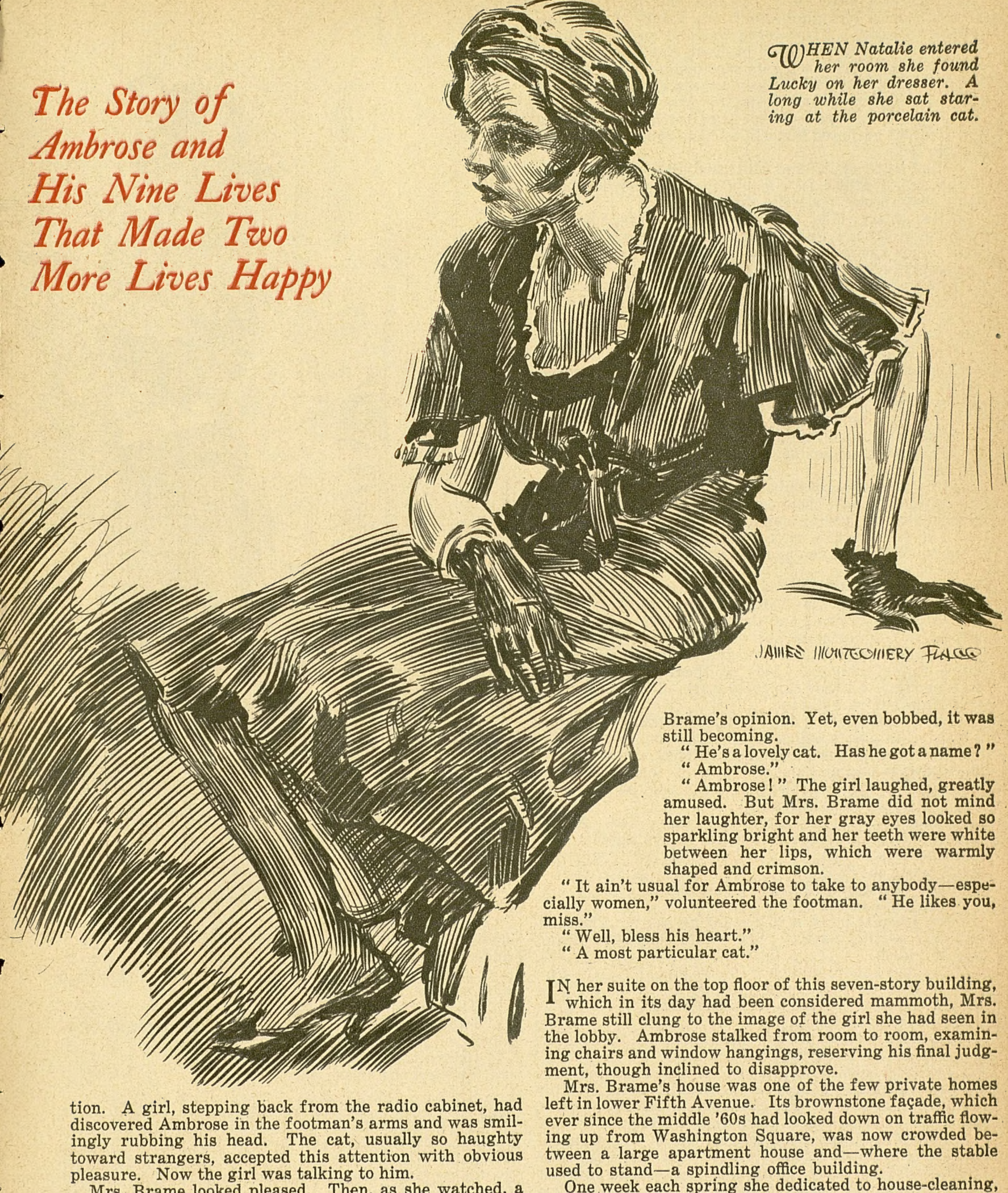
"What's that?" she gasped.

"The radio," explained the clerk, indicating a walnut cabinet standing in the lobby.

"The radio!" echoed Mrs. Brame. She looked with dismay—yet curiously, too—at this upstart modern intruder. "They always seem so uncanny. How in the world—" But she gave up the thought, before it was uttered, of trying to comprehend this thing which belonged to a time so apart from her comprehension.

There was another reason for not finishing the ques-

The Story of Ambrose and His Nine Lives That Made Two More Lives Happy



WHEN Natalie entered her room she found Lucky on her dresser. A long while she sat staring at the porcelain cat.

tion. A girl, stepping back from the radio cabinet, had discovered Ambrose in the footman's arms and was smilingly rubbing his head. The cat, usually so haughty toward strangers, accepted this attention with obvious pleasure. Now the girl was talking to him.

Mrs. Brame looked pleased. Then, as she watched, a memory stirred. Here in this mellowed old hotel, with its staid old patrons, its old-fashioned lobby, she saw back almost half a century; saw herself, a bride in her twenties, come to attend a brilliant ball in the smart hotel just opened.

This girl was pretty. "As pretty as I was—then," she thought, fondly recalling how male New York had paid her eager homage. This girl had hair like silken jet. It was bobbed—a circumstance to be regretted, in Mrs. Brame's opinion. Yet, even bobbed, it was still becoming.

"He's a lovely cat. Has he got a name?"

"Ambrose."

"Ambrose!" The girl laughed, greatly amused. But Mrs. Brame did not mind her laughter, for her gray eyes looked so sparkling bright and her teeth were white between her lips, which were warmly shaped and crimson.

"It ain't usual for Ambrose to take to anybody—especially women," volunteered the footman. "He likes you, miss."

"Well, bless his heart."

"A most particular cat."

IN her suite on the top floor of this seven-story building, which in its day had been considered mammoth, Mrs. Brame still clung to the image of the girl she had seen in the lobby. Ambrose stalked from room to room, examining chairs and window hangings, reserving his final judgment, though inclined to disapprove.

Mrs. Brame's house was one of the few private homes left in lower Fifth Avenue. Its brownstone façade, which ever since the middle '60s had looked down on traffic flowing up from Washington Square, was now crowded between a large apartment house and—where the stable used to stand—a spindling office building.

One week each spring she dedicated to house-cleaning, a process whereby all four of its floors were turned upside down and then as methodically set in place again. Usually Mrs. Brame spent that week in Newport or, if the weather were not warm, down South in Charleston. This year she decided to stay in New York and go to Newport later.

"I say she is twenty-two—not a day past twenty-two." The cat glanced up at the sound of her voice. "What's your opinion, Ambrose? Just my age when the Burnside Laytors gave their costume ball in this hotel."

She paused to examine that hazy vision of a vanished social splendor. First there was the opera at the old Academy of Music, down in East Fourteenth Street: Faust, her favorite, with its sentimental tunes and high romantic flavor. It had been necessary to leave immediately after the church scene, for Mrs. Brame, as Mme. de Maintenon, required some time for her ball costume.

Ambrose gathered himself, silently sprang, and landed in her lap.

"Just think of it," she addressed him, sighing. "The Academy of Music is a movie theater, and downstairs here they've put in a radio thing!"

After eating, Mrs. Brame walked into the lobby, still hoping to catch a glimpse of that girl. She wanted to talk to her again, to live once more, in another's life, the romantic days of her girlhood.

And then, with a shock, she saw her. She was standing inside a wide inclosure, flanked by cigars and magazines, under a sign which said that theater seats might also be procured there.

Mrs. Brame's first instinctive impulse was to return to her suite and forget her. In her own day one did not know any women who worked for their living. But this girl's vivid youth lured Mrs. Brame's steps, and she found herself facing the other across an array of papers.

"Can I help you find something?"

"Perhaps a magazine. Give me one that you think I'd care for."

"How does Ambrose like it here?" the girl asked when the purchase had been completed. Mrs. Brame was charmed by a dazzling smile.

"I don't think he's quite decided yet." And she added to herself: "Yes, you're really very pretty—very."

IT seemed impossible not to ask her questions. The girl's name, she said, was Natalie Caire. She lived alone; her parents were dead, and she'd come to New York from a town in Ohio to make her way as a singer.

"But it's terribly hard to find anything now. The city's full of singers. Lots of them have studied in Europe, but even they can't find work. I was glad to get this place before I starved."

Mrs. Brame, staring at Natalie, tried vainly to imagine a state of things in which daily work—any work at all—was essential to one's existence. Money was something she'd always had and she took it quite for granted. Of course there were scrubwomen and people like that, but this sort of girl was different.

"Have you—are you betrothed?" she asked. At that moment Natalie extended her hands to straighten a stack of magazines. "Oh, you have no ring. How stupid of me to ask you!"

"I did have a ring, a lovely diamond."

"And you lost it?"

"No, I had to pawn it to pay for my room. The landlady was getting nasty." She smiled, but Mrs. Brame was horrified.

"You mean she would have *evicted* you?"

"Yes indeed. And kept my trunk."

"Oh, my dear! What a terrible woman!"

Natalie laughed gayly.

"She's not so bad, really; though she does get mad if she catches me using my electric iron. . . . Where? It's on Fifty-seventh Street, just off Ninth Avenue. It's a sweet old place—a brownstone front. Some wealthy family used to have it. The chandelier in the parlor room, where the married couple are living, is lovely."

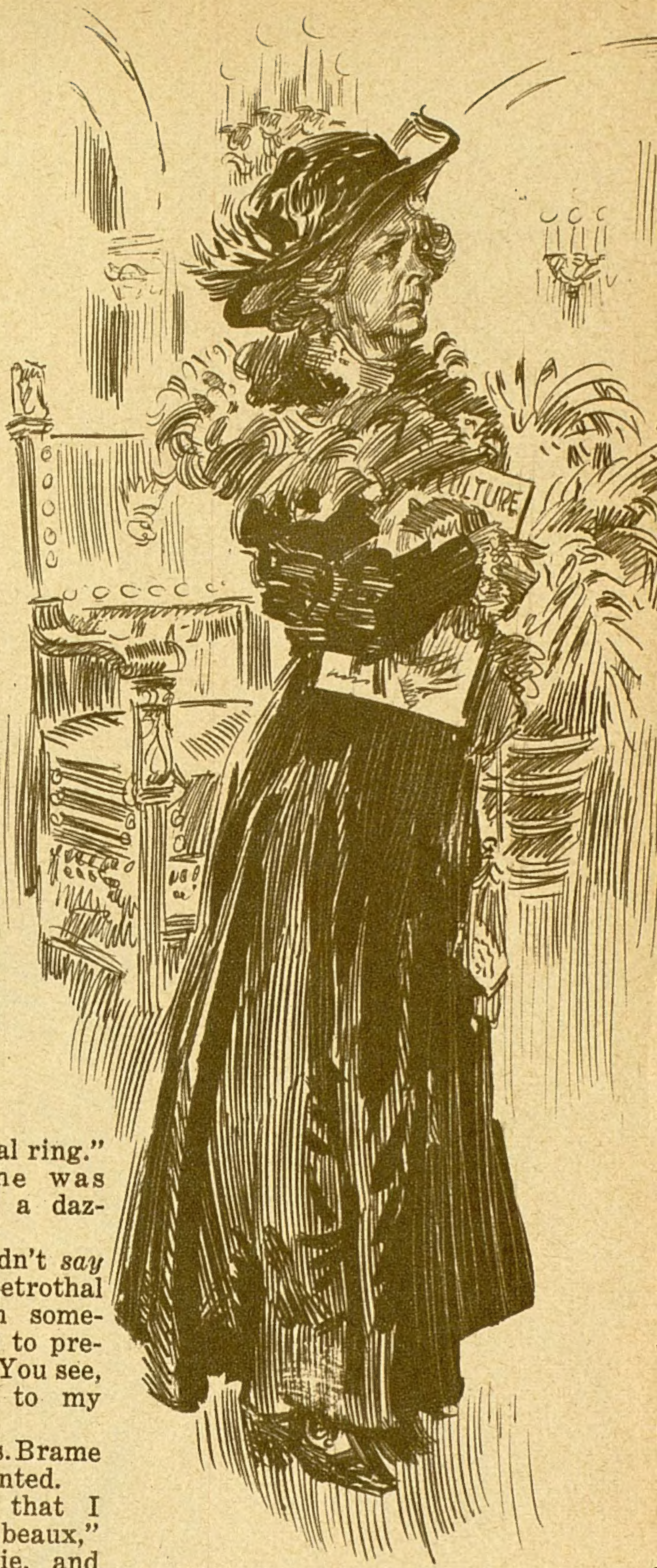
It gave Mrs. Brame the strangest feeling to hear about the house. A brownstone front on Fifty-seventh, close to Ninth! Very likely the one her cousin Allan built for his bride when the social trend was uptown toward Central Park. Then the elevated road was built on Ninth Avenue, and they had to move away.

To think that now it might be a rooming house, with a married couple sleeping—maybe even cooking—in the parlor!

"I live in a brownstone front too, down near Washington Square."

"Oh, I think they're the loveliest houses in New York."

"I'm so glad you like them. You were speaking about your betrothal ring."



Again she was charmed by a dazzling smile.

"But I didn't *say* it was a betrothal ring, though sometimes I used to pretend it was. You see, it belonged to my mother."

"Oh!" Mrs. Brame was disappointed.

"It's not that I haven't any beaux," added Natalie, and the lady who once was a belle of Manhattan brightened again as she heard it.

"There's one you like especially?"

"I think so. He's a darling. Oh, it's just time now. Don't you want to hear him?"

"Hear him?"

"He's got the nicest voice."

MRS. BRAME watched wonderingly as the girl came out from behind the counter and fussed with the radio.

". . . exactly one half minute past eight. This is Station WKO, New York City, broadcasting from its penthouse studio atop the Weldon Building, four hundred feet above the Hudson. Thomas Mengler announcing."

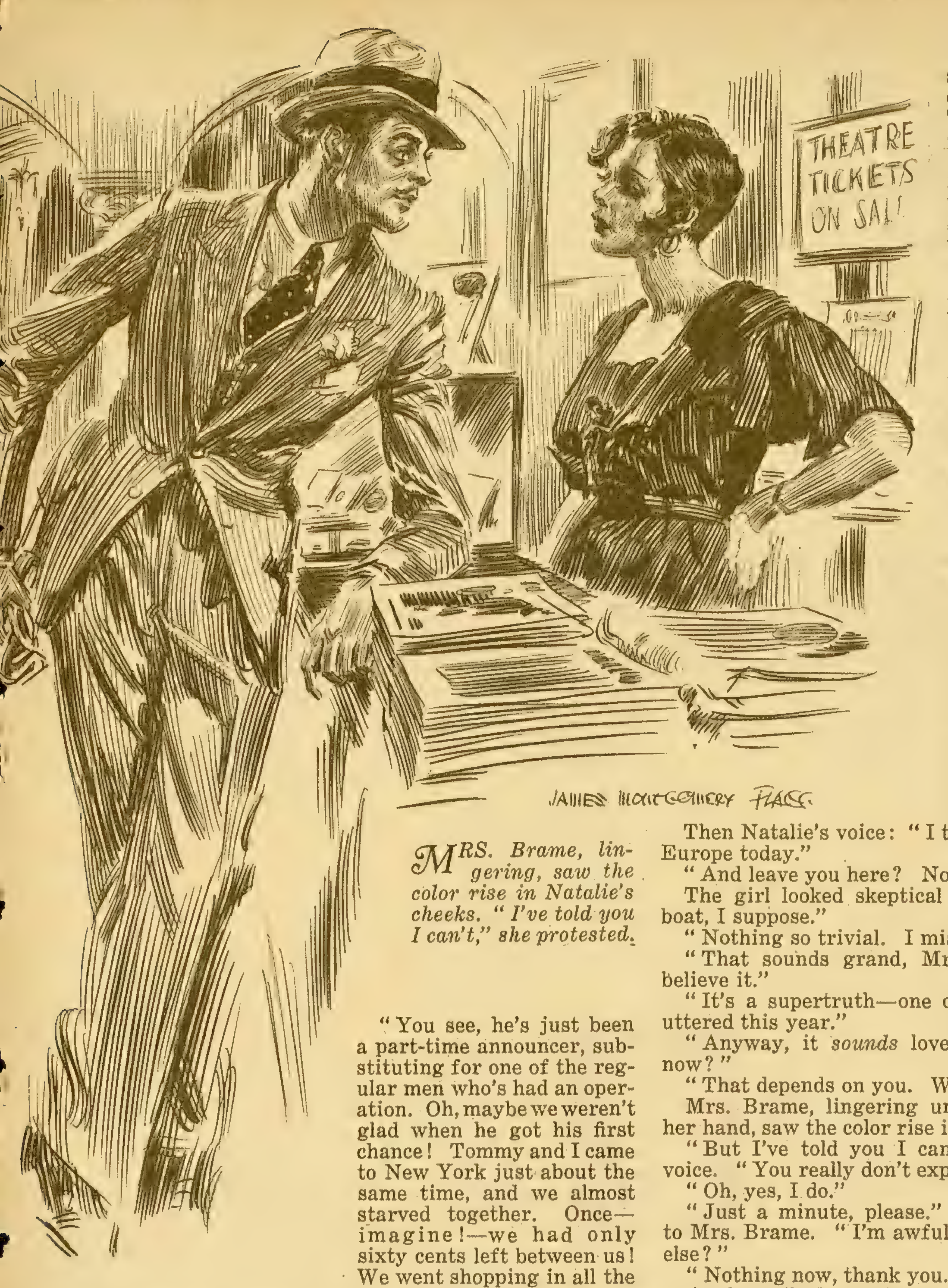
Mrs. Brame heard a delighted gasp.

"Oh, did you hear that?"

"What?" she asked, bewildered.

"'Thomas Mengler announcing.' It's the first time they've let him sign his name. Maybe that means he's a regular now."

Natalie's eyes were eager, and a flush of color had stained her cheeks; and Mrs. Brame, without comprehending what had happened, understood her feeling.



MRS. Brame, lingering, saw the color rise in Natalie's cheeks. "I've told you I can't," she protested.

"You see, he's just been a part-time announcer, substituting for one of the regular men who's had an operation. Oh, maybe we weren't glad when he got his first chance! Tommy and I came to New York just about the same time, and we almost starved together. Once—imagine!—we had only sixty cents left between us! We went shopping in all the delicatessens and bakery shops on Ninth Avenue, so as to get the most for our money. Then we took the stuff up to my room and had a perfect *feast* for forty-five cents. It was lots of fun. Tommy's grand to play around with."

IT was a new kind of life to Mrs. Brame, and she listened with open amazement.

"Then you knew him before you came to New York—in your home town, I mean?"

"Oh, no. He has a room in the same house. That's how I came to meet him."

Mrs. Brame gasped. Her own life had followed such a formal course. Even after one's engagement had been properly announced, there was no such freedom as this.

She shook her head and, still rather confused, glanced around at the radio cabinet, from which Tommy's voice was issuing.

"And that's your young man talking out of the radio thing now?"

"Yes, that's Tommy."

"Dear me! What next?"

"It's just a start. Radio's still new, and it has a wonderful future. That's why Tommy decided to make a career of it. He's full of ideas, and he knows about music too. He won't always be just an announcer." She began to laugh. "Guess what he said."

"I couldn't. What?"

"That there's nothing like being married to a radio announcer. You can always tune in and see if he's on the job!"

"A very reassuring thing to know—sometimes!" said a man's voice.

MRS. BRAME saw Natalie's expression change. The man who had spoken was leaning lightly upon his cane, smiling at the girl in an easy way which Mrs. Brame mistrusted. He was a well dressed chap, about thirty-five, as out of place in that conservative old hotel as Natalie herself was. "Rather good-looking—dangerous too," Mrs. Brame told herself, appraising him. "Reminds me of someone. Who?" she wondered.

Then Natalie's voice: "I thought you were sailing for Europe today."

"And leave you here? Not a chance in the world."

The girl looked skeptical but pleased. "Missed the boat, I suppose."

"Nothing so trivial. I missed *you*."

"That sounds grand, Mr. Gough. If only I could believe it."

"It's a supertruth—one of the finest specimens I've uttered this year."

"Anyway, it *sounds* lovely. When are you sailing now?"

"That depends on you. When are we?"

Mrs. Brame, lingering uncertainly, the magazine in her hand, saw the color rise in Natalie's cheeks.

"But I've told you I can't," she protested in a low voice. "You really don't expect me to."

"Oh, yes, I do."

"Just a minute, please." She turned a flushed face to Mrs. Brame. "I'm awfully sorry. Is there anything else?"

"Nothing now, thank you."

As she walked away Mrs. Brame was frowning over the image of that man. He had stared at her when Natalie spoke—an impudent, superior, amused sort of stare. "Hello, old freak," it seemed to say. "What are you doing out of a museum?" And the woman who had been a belle of old Manhattan, whose smile men had vied for, whose favor courted, was vexed and rather angry.

She began to wonder about him. Mr. Gough was the name. Gough. There had been a family of that name; Lettie Millan, a cousin of the Gramercy Park Millans, married a Gough of Philadelphia. She would have to consult her Register and see if she could find him.

"But I don't know his first name."

Mrs. Brame retraced her steps to inquire of the clerk. As she did so the voice of Natalie's Tommy rippled buoyantly over the lobby:

"At seven forty P. M. the endurance flyers, Pat Gallegher and Anthony Roche, completed their seventeenth day in the air. They dropped a note which read: 'Engine hitting like a top. We've decided to stay up all year. Send up some oil and a mess of hamburgers.'"

"My, my, he's talking Greek!" she murmured. "But he *has* a nice voice. I'm sure I'd like him. . . ."

By the following morning Ambrose had made up his mind about the hotel: He did not care for it. The maid had seen him rather superciliously stalking a sunbeam across the red-pile carpet, but when she looked for him at lunch time he was gone.

Mrs. Brame sent an imperious summons to the manager. A general alarm was sounded and the house staff searched from cellar to roof.

At three o'clock, when the manager definitely reported that Ambrose was not in the hotel, Natalie telephoned Tommy at the WKO studio.

"She's a sweet old thing, and Ambrose is all she's got left in the world."

"Yes, but I can't—"

"Just think of poor Ambrose alone in the great big city!"

"But stuff like that on the air sounds terrible."

"She's raised the reward to fifty dollars. Remember when we had just enough nickels left to buy one meal between us? That fifty would look like a gold mine to some poor fellow out of a job."

In the end Tommy Mengler did as she wished and broadcast a description of Ambrose. He repeated it twice, after giving the time; and then Natalie jubilantly phoned him to say that Ambrose had been returned.

"The power of the air!" exulted Tommy. "Where was he?"

"In a florist's shop."

"The big hollyhock! I suppose that jobless fellow found him just when he was going to blow his last penny on orchids!"

"Oh, Tommy, you're such a nut! Mrs. Brame is terribly pleased. She wants me to explain all about 'this radio thing'—that's what she calls it. And she wants to meet you, too."

"Well, I'd like to meet *you*. Where have you been the last two nights?"

"Oh—out. Last night I heard a concert at Carnegie Hall. I could only get there for the last half, but it was perfectly grand."

"With that Gough fellow, I suppose?" He sounded aggrieved.

"Yes, with Lawrence Gough," she answered smoothly.

"I was reading till two. I didn't hear you come in."

"We had a little something to eat afterward."

"A little! Till two o'clock?"

"Tommy, I've got to go now. I just stole a minute to let you know about Ambrose."

HE said nothing, but the silence seemed troubled. "Tommy, I think you are being silly."

"I can't help it. I just don't like him. But I don't blame you for being interested; only I wish it was somebody else. You could take your pick of the rich ones."

"Oh, bunk!"

"And they'd give you the things you ought to have, a girl like you! I know I'm nobody much right now, but I'll get along—"

"Of course you will, Tommy. It's just a question of time before one of the big national chains will be bidding for you. You can put it all over those other announcers."

"Oh, I'll get there, all right. But meanwhile I'm Thomas X. Nobody, who lives in a rooming house over by Ninth Avenue, and I can buy you a new pair of gloves just as easy as this Lawrence Gough, I guess, could get you a private airplane with your monogram over the rudder."

Natalie laughed.

"Yes, I'm wonderful! But I've got to run."

Two hours later Tommy received a long-distance phone call. The general manager of Station WKO, away on a fishing trip in the Adirondacks, had tuned in as he sat beside the camp fire and heard a request for the return of Ambrose. Another hour passed and he heard it again. His companions began to make scurrilous remarks:

"WKO—Whose Kat's Out?" "I've always said that New York's a wonderful little city, but what it really needs is a go-get-'em cat-finding bureau." The manager had listened for an hour and then crossed the lake in his motor canoe to a place where there was a phone.

"You're fired!" he concluded his tirade.

Tommy got his hat and walked disconsolately out of the studio. It had taken him months to land a regular job, and now, when at last his feet had seemed firm, he was worse off, actually, than ever.

He glanced at his watch. It was almost the hour for Natalie to leave. If he hurried he would reach the hotel in time to walk home with her. Tommy quickened his steps.

As he approached the hotel he saw Lawrence Gough descend the last step and signal to a taxi. Natalie joined him; he saw her smile as she took his arm; she was doing a little dance step, as one does when feeling happy.

TOMMY stopped. In that instant he felt lonelier than he ever had in his life. Without thought, he moved toward them.

"Natalie."

"Well, if it isn't the demon feline finder!" cried Gough. "He casts his voice upon the air, and the cats come running from everywhere." Natalie laughed lightly. "Didn't know I was a poet, did you, Sugar?" Then he turned his amused eyes on Tommy. "Boy, if I had your cat appeal I wouldn't speak to anything under a Persian."

"You shut up!"

"Tommy!" cried Natalie. "He's only joking."

"Well, he's joking with the wrong fellow."

"Now, now, my son," Lawrence Gough said suavely, "that's no way to talk to a man on the eve of sailing to Europe. Your tone should be congratulatory. How do you suppose Natalie and I will feel when we look back on the Statue of Liberty and reflect that the king of the cat finders withheld his royal blessing?"

Tommy glared at him.

"That's enough out of you!" And then, as the meaning of his words became plain: "Natalie, you're not going to Europe?"

"Certainly she is. You haven't any objection?"

"You bet I have."

"And what are you going to do about it?"

"Crack you on the nose!" cried Tommy, beside himself with despair and anger.

In this last brief hour his world had fallen to pieces. Career, girl, everything were gone. And then this rich fellow's gibes! They were too much for Tommy.

His fists rammed in.

"Get in the cab," Gough ordered Natalie, and a moment later, dodging past Tommy, he followed and slammed the door. The taxi darted from the curb, leaving behind it a wretched young man who stood and dumbly watched it.

He walked home along the same busy streets he and Natalie so often had sauntered. The rooming house seemed a cheerless retreat, its brownstone front a mocking face, his room the cell of a prison. He thought vaguely of China, of the Philippines, of distant island places.

With Natalie, New York was a great adventure; without her, now that he had known her, a harsh and barren city.

His nerves demanded action. In a fever of activity he began to pack his bags. But after a minute he paused at sight of a little porcelain figure: Natalie's birthday present to him!

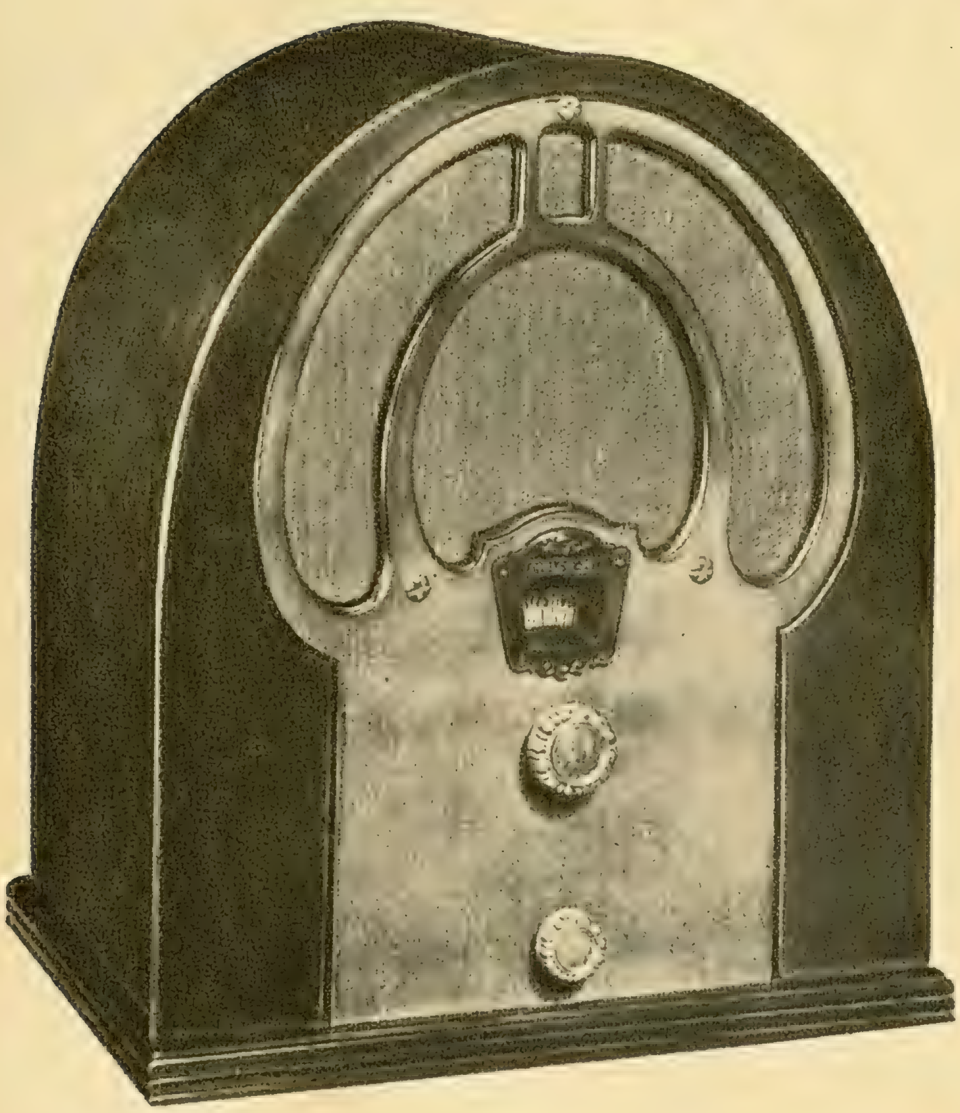
It had cost fifty cents at a time when she was out of work and her purse held less than five dollars. "He'll bring you good luck," she had told him, smiling. "You wait and see. His name is Lucky." Tommy looked at it glumly, for the porcelain figure was a cat which seemed to be grinning! . . .

When Natalie entered her room at one o'clock she found Lucky on her dresser. A long while she sat quite still on the bed, staring across at the porcelain cat.

Till Lawrence

(Continued on page fourteen)

PHILCO JR.



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UNBALANCED RADIO
BALANCED PHILCO

(Continued from page twelve) Gough came into her life everything had seemed simple. Some day she would marry Tommy. She had felt it so clearly, deep inside her. When they were both on their feet, when New York was conquered.

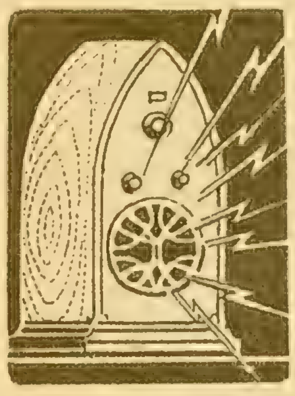
Even after Lawrence Gough began to grow ardent—and he hadn't been slow in starting—her feeling had never really wavered. Lawrence Gough was pleasant, good-looking, sophisticated, and rich; it had intrigued her, and very much flattered her too, to have such an assured young man of the world pay court in such whirlwind fashion.

Tommy had behaved very badly, she thought; she was disappointed in him. If he kept that up— She shrugged her shoulders, crossed the room, and tiptoed halfway up the stairs. But no light was showing under the door. Well, then, she would see him tomorrow.

Natalie listened for Tommy in the morning. When it was well past his usual time for arising she ventured to climb the steps and knock. There was no response. She opened the door. Tommy's room was empty; his things were gone.

"Where's To—where's Mr. Mengler?"

"He left last night," the landlady said. "I guess something was wrong. He didn't say where he was going."



She telephoned the radio studio and they told her he was no longer employed there. What had happened? Well, he'd been discharged. Finally Natalie asked for an announcer to whom Tommy had once introduced her.

"The boss got sore because he sent out a bulletin for the return of a cat named Ambrose."

"Because he did *that!*" She began to sob. "But where has he gone?"

"I don't know. He was in an hour ago to say good-by. Tommy's going away, but he didn't know where. It was a pretty raw deal. Did you try his house?"

She rushed out on the street and looked helplessly around her. New York had never seemed so large, so terrifying, so indifferent. How could she find him in such a city before he had got away?

If Natalie had begun to have any doubts about her feeling for Tommy, she'd lost them now in a twinkling. Suddenly her life was empty, bleak. She could scarcely endure the old brownstone front; yet once it had seemed a romantic place, a home she returned to with quickening pulse, knowing that Tommy would be there.

It was all her fault that this had happened. He had broadcast for Ambrose, against his judgment, because she'd asked him to. And then, at a time when he needed her most, she had gone away with another man, left him standing alone at the curb, thinking she no longer cared for him!

"He's through with me. He's gone. He's given back Lucky." She began to weep. "I can't stand it here without Tommy. But he won't come back. He won't come back." She knew in her heart that he never would.

AT the hotel that afternoon, as Natalie stood behind the magazine counter, Mrs. Brame paused with a smile of greeting. She was holding an envelope.

"I've written your young man a thank-you note. If you'll just give me his address— Why, what's the matter?" For suddenly Natalie was sobbing.

"I don't know his address."

"You don't know—"

"He's gone. They discharged him because he found your cat."

Mrs. Brame was bewildered. The girl explained.

"And I'm going away," she concluded abruptly.

"Away from this hotel?"

"And from New York. I can't stand it here. I think—I think I'm going to Europe."

"With Mr. Gough!" Mrs. Brame exclaimed, dismayed, remembering how he had talked the other day.

"Yes."

"Oh, my dear, my dear! You mustn't do that."

"Why not?" Natalie answered dully. "Tommy's gone and he won't come back. I know. He never wants to see me again. He's leaving town. Europe is better than staying here. New scenes and all; they'll help, don't you think? Mr. Gough knows a famous voice teacher in Italy. He wants me to go on with my singing."

"Are you sure?"

The girl looked at her vaguely.

"Oh, yes, I am sure. Mr. Gough has been very nice to me."

"Well, I'm not," Mrs. Brame said with a vigor which startled Natalie. "Things have changed a lot since I was young, but men haven't. I know all about them, and I don't approve of your Mr. Gough. Does he want you to marry him?"

"Why, of course."

"Did he ask you?"

"But, Mrs. Brame, that is understood."

"It wasn't in my day; it was put into words. And you're not going to Europe with him, either."

"Yes, I think I will," the girl said.

"Let me have that photograph you showed me of Tommy."

"What for, Mrs. Brame?"

"I'm going to find him."

She summoned her car and waited impatiently until the footman came to fetch her. Passing pedestrians paused to stare at the quaint little lady entering the old-fashioned automobile. They regarded the combination with amazement—then smiled, shook their heads, and went wonderingly on.

MRS. BRAME was driven to the town home of the governor. She had been a Storey before her marriage; and, as anyone can tell you who knows his Social Register, the Storeys were cousins of the Baltimore Turlocks, and the governor's wife was related by marriage to the Albany branch of that family. Mrs. Brame was accustomed to doing things right.

From the governor's home she rode to police headquarters, where the commissioner himself, when he had read the executive's letter of introduction, left a traffic conference to see her.

Then Mrs. Brame went to call on Martha Millan, the dowager of the old Gramercy Park Millans, whose cousin Lizzie had married a Gough. It was years since she'd chatted with Martha.

Finally she drove down to Wall Street and had a talk with her banker, Ross Purnell.

The following noon two detectives arrested Tommy as he was about to board a boat for Buenos Aires. He protested that he had been signed to play the banjo with the ship's orchestra, but they told him to come along.

"What's the big idea? I haven't done anything."

"Oh, you haven't! I suppose that's why the big boss sent out special orders to nab you!"

"To nab me! Say, you've got the wrong fellow."

"It's a wonder you got as far as this. The whole department's looking for you."

One of the detectives guarded him while his partner telephoned headquarters. There was a long delay, and when he emerged from the booth the detective said:

"You used to be a radio announcer."

"Yes," Tommy admitted.

"That's a crime in New York! You shouldn't have done it." He winked at his prisoner. "Hey, you, taxi."

The cab finally stopped behind an automobile whose queer low hood and short deep body inspired them to humorous comment. They got into an elevator and emerged in the reception room of the Federal Broadcasting Company. A secretary ushered them into an office, where they sat in silence, waiting.

Presently the door opened and a little old lady entered the room on the arm of a man slightly younger. Her face lighted up as she looked at Tommy and she held out a hand to greet him. "I knew you the moment I saw you," she beamed. "I am Mrs. Brame, and this is Mr. Purnell. Ross, it's Mr. Mengler."

"Oh, yes. So this is the young man. Well! I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Mengler. We might sit down!" He glanced at the two detectives, who held a majority of the chairs. "You may go now," he added. "We're much obliged. Well!" turning to Tommy. "A new experience for you, being arrested."

"Ross! Don't talk to Tommy like that. He wasn't really arrested!"

"I'll try to overlook the fact," Mr. Purnell said dryly. "Well! Mrs. Brame has told me—"

"I haven't even had a chance to thank him for finding Ambrose. It was so kind of you to help me."

"That's nothing," gulped Tommy. "I was glad to do it."

"And to think that they'd discharge you for doing an old lady a service! Men were more chivalrous in our day, Ross."

"Yes," he assented dubiously.

"But it doesn't matter," Mrs. Brame went on cheerfully. "Mr. Purnell is a director of this company, and he tells me it is much larger than the radio you were associated with."

"Larger!" grunted the banker. "Well!"

"It *is* larger, isn't it?" she asked anxiously.

"I should say so, Mrs. Brame. It's nation-wide," said Tommy.

She looked relieved.

"I'm so glad. You'll have a chance to get much higher in the profession. Or is it an art?"

"It's a combination of the arts and sciences, Carrie. Wouldn't you say so, Mr. Mengler?"

"And big business," said Tommy.

The banker smiled.

"That's right. Well! I think you understand it. We'll be glad to have you in the organization. Now what about that soprano, Carrie?"

"Dear me, yes." A spot of color came into her cheeks and Mrs. Brame seemed excited. "It's a soprano, Tommy, that they're thinking of engaging. Will you step into that next room and tell Mr. Purnell what you think of her—that is, of her voice?"

AS the door was closing she smiled at the banker and he chuckled. Then she bustled into the reception room, where Lawrence Gough was sitting in an attitude of boredom.

"Mr. Gough, it was so kind of you to bring Natalie over. She asked me to tell you not to wait."

"Oh, I don't mind. I'm not in a hurry."

"She'll be busy for a long while—years and years. By the way, Mr. Gough, I had a nice visit yesterday with your great-aunt, Martha Millan. She was telling me what a sweet girl your wife is!"

Gough started.

"Martha says she's coming to New York soon. I do hope that I shall meet her." . . .

When she ventured to enter the inner office Mrs. Brame looked enchanted at the tableau she discovered. It brought back the past in a vivid rush: the old Academy of Music in Fourteenth Street . . . a sleigh ride up to Harlem, and George Brame close beside her.

"I'm so glad you approve of the soprano!" she smiled. "Now then, Tommy, will you tell me how this radio thing works? I suppose I should know something. That, for instance."

"That? That's a microphone, Mrs. Brame. You just talk into it, and whatever you say is broadcast all over the country. All anyone has to do to hear it is turn a switch and a knob, and there's your voice. Like this."

He tuned in on the parent station of the Federal Broadcasting Company just as a news bulletin was being put on the air:

"Pat Gallegher and Anthony Roche have landed their endurance plane, the Bobolink, after being in the air for seven hundred and twenty-four hours—more than thirty days. Their descent came as a surprise to the thousands of spectators who crowded the field, for only five minutes before they came down Gallegher was seen crawling out on the catwalk to adjust the motor—"

"Catwalk!" exclaimed Mrs. Brame. "Tommy, just imagine your radio talking about that! Wouldn't Ambrose be delighted?"

THE END

New Hairs for Old

Do the bogies of baldness and falling hair haunt you every time you run the comb through your hair? No need to worry—if you keep your *scalp* healthy there's a new little hair waiting to replace every one that comes out on your comb. Nature will see to that, if you'll do your bit. Give your scalp regular work-outs this easy way: Before the weekly shampoo use "Vaseline" Hair Tonic generously. Shake the Tonic directly on the scalp and massage it in thoroughly. Work round and round with the finger tips, starting at the neck and the temples, up to the crown. This treatment cleanses, lubricates, and stimulates the circulation of nourishing blood to the hair roots. Encourage those new little hairs with these sensible, simple treatments.

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RADIO TUNE IN ON 'FRIENDSHIP TOWN' EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT ON THE NBC BLUE NETWORK, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T.

The nearest druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Barbers everywhere recommend and use it. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles. This is a product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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What About AMERIC

The Machine Age and the Economic Situation Have Produced a New Kind of Married Life, and Whither Is It Leading?

(Reading time: 14 minutes 5 seconds.)

WIVES of Federal government employees who were also working for Uncle Sam themselves recently made a move to have their marriages set aside *pro tem.* because of an executive order that cut down the pay roll, with them as chief victims. They wanted a special kind of " divorce " which would permit them to keep both their husbands and their jobs. Droll as this was, it brought to my mind a serious recurrent question: Will America bring forth a new kind of marriage?

I think it will. Since we, as a people, experiment with everything and are constantly inventing, there is little doubt but that we shall contrive something which the world will call " American marriage."

What form this coming marital relationship may take is fascinating to conjecture. Many of our sociologists and psychologists are already guessing at it. While the type predicted ranges all the way from plurality of mates to mutual monogamy, there is one thing certain about it, and that is greater flexibility.

One intelligent woman wrote me recently that her study of Russia convinces her that marriage everywhere is going to loosen up. But, she added, *not her own!* Aside from the smile she gave me on her personal account, I agree. In fact, I might go so far as to say that there is a strong tendency to Russianize marriage in America; that is, to make it casual.

But Russia's reason for wanting to break all conventional marriage bonds comes from a sudden and passionate outburst of freedom on the part of its collectivist citizens that could not affect American husbands and wives. What has affected marriage in America is an economic and industrial evolution that has completely changed the social and domestic status of men and women. And invention—blessing and curse!—has stacked the deck in the game of hearts as it is now played in the twentieth century.

Has it ever struck you that until the motor car and a thousand and one electric inventions came along to ease and enliven our lot here, the age-sanctioned institution of marriage bore up pretty well under its centuries of practice? If you had told the late Thomas Edison, and were to tell Henry Ford, John D. Rockefeller, Sr., and a few other ingenious elders whose own marriages were and are of the old-fashioned sort, that their individual influence on this venerable institution was as revolutionary as that of Judge Ben Lindsey and Margaret Sanger and all the birth controllers, wouldn't they be astonished?

Yet their genius has had an incalculable influence on the attitude of the sexes toward each other. Housekeeping isn't what it used to be. A young man can do it for himself, minus the help of a woman. Mechanical refrigeration, orders by telephone, electric toaster, electric or gas oven, every conceivable kind of food in can or package, a can opener—and our young man may beat his mother at it. Add a vacuum cleaner, and his one-room apartment may be as neat as the proverbial pin. In fact, there's nothing to the job of housing, feeding, and clothing yourself these days—if you have the money.

If we remember the real old-fashioned home, we see the enormous difference.

Clearly, one sort of marriage cannot and does not meet t

What more natural than that this young man, feeling a need for woman mainly as pal and whoopee-maker, should shrug his shoulders about marriage?

That is what Edison, Ford, Rockefeller, *et al.*, have done for him. They have made him self-sufficient almost to the point of preferring bachelorhood.

But not quite. Nature, the sly beldame, still works her way with young flesh and blood. So our emancipated young man may awaken some morning with the terrified conviction that he can't continue to live without more or less permanent possession of a certain young woman. After all, he is only the half of what should be a glorious whole! Why not complete the design drawn from the beginning of the world? Ha, he will and does!

But here is where the old-time union of man and woman meets with profound variations in this country. His bride has a job of her own and she intends to keep it. Once *he* would have been her job, but now he is merely a partner in a common project. Since he already can keep house, she and he will divvy the work, hold their respective jobs, and get a radio and a car.

That is what I call city marriage, one of our more recent developments in marital relations. And from it stems still another form. For the chances are good that the young woman will feel the rising tides of the maternal instinct sweeping over her, or the young man who was so self-sufficient will begin thinking how fine it would be to have kids.

AN MARRIAGES?

By

JAMES OPPENHEIM

Picture by CHARLES DE FEO

conflicting demands of our modern American society.

Even if they don't know what is at the bottom of their restlessness and longing for change, the young matron is likely to give up her job. They leave their two-room city cote for a home in the suburbs. Then comes the miracle of a child. But after the second one is born, the economic situation forbids any further increase in family.

THIS is our typical suburb marriage. And what is its progression? Well, the husband goes to town week days regularly, working his head off to maintain his family. The wife is immersed in maternity for a few years, but soon the children are in school most of the day, perhaps in camp in the summer, and when old enough they are off in motor cars at every opportunity. Mother turns to bridge, backgammon, or some sport, joins a club or takes a job. Father gets more and more absorbed in his work. He may play golf, but not with his wife.

Result: It is not uncommon for the pair who were once halves of a perfect whole to desire a split. Divorce looms. The two are living really in different worlds, and their children as well have had independent and individualistic existences. So they do not need one another, and often prefer to go their own separate ways.

Of course, it is absurd to blame Thomas Edison, Henry Ford, and their illustrious inventive and industrial brethren for this condition. Their great gifts to humanity have been contributory to marital upheaval and change, but the full responsibility must be laid to American human nature with its "indomitable spirit of enterprise." The truth is that we've had a skyrocket burst of inventions because we wanted them; wanted freedom from drudgery, speed in communication, cars to carry us over the horizon and the whole blessed—or damned—Machine Age.

It is we ourselves who have been breaking down the revered institution of marriage as erected by our forefathers.

How far will it go? And where will it stop? Shall we mate as grasshoppers of a summer afternoon, or join ourselves in wedlock as elective souls? Shall our children be unknown to us, state bred, or be our beloved flesh and blood carrying on our torch of life?

BEFORE trying to answer, let us fill out in more detail the picture of American marriages. For I do not mean to imply that there are not still plenty of American marriages of the old-fashioned respectable kind in city, suburb, and country. The old-fashioned marriage still flourishes, though it may hold within its general pattern a wide variety of individual expression.

Let us look at several types from life and fiction.

Ellen Glasgow in her novel Virginia depicted the Southern sort. The heroine was brought up for one purpose only—to love; to cleave to one man for life, with obedience thrown in; to bear him children and bring them up; to make a home. Sacrificing herself for husband, children, and home, in the end she is a noble martyr, but she has been a perfect mother and wife!

Virginia would have been extolled by the fiery-tongued Teddy Roosevelt. In the North he preached and lived the old-fashioned respectable marriage. No race suicide! A wife in the background, busy with her numerous offspring. Ideal family life, with the husband, in spite of all preoccupations, finding time and thought to give to wife and youngsters. That was the life!

Incredible as it may seem, it is really just another type of old-fashioned American marriage which, in its more flaunting examples, has given Europeans the idea that the American woman rules the roost, that she is pampered, petted, and spoiled, that she is selfish and does as she pleases. Beautiful, willful Peggy Hopkins Joyce perhaps leads in a long procession of the kind. Undoubtedly Europe derived some of its ideas about American women from this glamorous lady.

For the Europeans, Peggy Hopkins Joyce exemplifies fabulous success through beauty and general don't-give-a-damnness; a woman who lives with scenes constantly shifting—in vaudeville one day, married to millions the next, a society belle, a hit as an actress, a hit in the movies; swift to marry and equally swift to divorce; a woman who is a queen bee—men must put her before everything else, even before business; a woman who will not be ruled; who wants everything she can get; who prefers riches to poverty; who quarrels with a man, makes him eat his words, and becomes reconciled through the gift of a diamond necklace; who nevertheless is quick to be kind, to help others; the friend of reporters, kings, lumber millionaires, actors.

To be just to Peggy, however, one must add that in her autobiography, Men, Marriage and Me, she records the discovery that she is very selfish and self-centered, and also that American women are not as happy as Frenchwomen, for all their freedom and their high position. She sets down the fact that American men are afraid of love. They are ashamed to keep up any show of lovemaking after a brief honeymoon. They like to talk about themselves to a woman; Frenchmen talk about the woman.

But, in contrast to this startling variation in the old-fashioned marriage, we sometimes find still another, the career marriage, which also comes under the same head. Kathleen Norris and Charles Norris are both novelists, and the career of fiction writing is one that absorbs almost all of one's energy, yet Kathleen Norris conveys the idea constantly of close and warm family life based on love, duty, and affection. Mary Roberts Rinehart and her doctor-husband are a similar case in point.

Career marriages, like the other new types, however, tend toward disruption of the ties, and to rob the state of holy matrimony of its deepest meanings. Everyone remembers the break-up of the career marriage between Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor. And before me is a clipping of a United Press dispatch of last spring, giving the details of still another "bust" on the same order:

> Reno, Nev. May 7.—Ann Harding, blonde screen actress, and Harry Bannister, her actor-husband, whose name blazed in electric lights when she was an unknown stock company actress, went into court here today and removed from Bannister the ignominy of being known as "Mr. Ann Harding."
>
> It was a divorce unique in Reno's record of unusual decrees. Bannister arrived at the courthouse first. Miss Harding, dressed in black except for an expensive silver fox fur, joined him. Then, as he patted her back encouragingly, they walked down the aisle to Judge Thomas Moran's dais.
>
> A brief legal mumbo-jumbo and the divorce was granted. Bannister and his former wife embraced, kissed and promised mutual "dear friendship." . . . [They] announced to the press, shortly after, in signed statements, that they had decided on divorce as the only way to restore Bannister's "lost identity," submerged in the more glamorous name of his wife.

Shall we accept the Dempsey-Taylor and the Bannister-Harding cases as the logical outcome of the career marriage? Or would it be better for careerists to marry but live apart? Fannie Hurst, as we know, went into such a marriage with eyes wide open. For what it is worth, the fact remains that the Danielson-Hurst "week-end marriage" has been successful, and perhaps it points the way toward a marriage that can be at once contradictorially casual *and* lasting.

WE have now considered four types of American marriage. A fair and dispassionate student of the facts must see that *one* sort of marriage cannot and does not meet the conflicting demands of our modern American society. Modifications and adjustments will come, despite all efforts to the contrary.

At present there are two extremes represented by the Church and the Bench—or rather, Judge Ben Lindsey. Naturally the Church wants to uphold the old form of marriage, while Judge Lindsey, for years confronted in the Children's Court with what was actually happening among boys and girls of high-school age, wants companionate marriage adopted by Americans as a means whereby youthful couples may find out whether they are suited to each other.

Easy divorce has also been advocated as a solution.

And here is the nub of the problem: We have been going through a process whereby luxuries have become necessities. It has become habit, and therefore necessary, to have sanitary homes with labor-saving devices; to have telephone, radio, motor car; and we may be sure that this tendency to utilize machines in every possible manner will, when the present depression is over, stride right on. This high standard of living makes marriage seem like a heavy undertaking, a great responsibility economically. There is with some millions of people doubtless an actual choice between machines and having babies. Besides this, women have tasted economic freedom. They too are afraid to go back to the old economic bondage to a man, as well as to sacrifice youth, beauty, luxury, to children. Since women have gained this freedom by going into industry and business, we may say that with them too the Machine is accountable for the present condition.

Why is casual marriage usually a bad thing? The answer is easy. It has a tendency to stunt the growth of character. It is true that the adolescent period, especially if youth is at school, is a difficult one to get through without love trouble. Nature chooses an earlier age than we do for the need of mating. Older people forget the great storms of youth, and wonder why their children take falling in love so seriously.

HOWEVER, marriage is practically out of the question for most until the young man is at least twenty-one and the girl eighteen. And then, as Kipling said: "A young man married is a young man marred." He is shackled before his time; and this is equally true of a young girl who bears a child.

I have chosen the ages of twenty-one and eighteen advisedly, because these are the ages when a boy is supposed to become a man and a girl a woman. Manhood and womanhood mean far more, however, than becoming adult citizens. They mean *carrying on the race.* It is at this point a sacrifice to the future must be made, or the nation finally go under. In short, it is at this time that responsibility must be taken; and with this responsibility, and the discipline that goes with it, there is a deepening of character, a growth toward maturity.

Marriage is a terrific adventure that builds up a whole series of new relationships—man and wife, parents and children, with all the ramifications of family and friendship. If it is gone into in a casual spirit, like taking another joy ride, the deepening and growth will be neglected.

Perhaps it has not occurred to us that marriage may also be looked upon as a privilege, as something to *earn!* Yet it was so looked upon at a certain time in parts of America—notably among the Crow Indians of the Northwest. It was indeed a question of primitive eugenics. A warring tribe who obtained food by hunting needed hardy, strong, aggressive, and courageous men. So it made marriage a privilege, and you had to earn it by "counting coups" on your enemy. A coup was an exceptional deed of courage.

At twenty-five one could marry even without counting coups, for the Crows believed that if a boy could survive Indian life that long he must have enough stamina and physique to make a good husband and father.

In this way marriage was a reward—not, as so many of us take it, a punishment.

Perhaps we will become more Indian in this respect, for I believe the American race has become largely Indianized. The same land, the same climatic conditions, the spirit of the land which made them what they were, is doing its good work on us. We may even come to see that while the two-job idea is sometimes workable, actually in most cases it is best for the man to assume full responsibility, at least during the years of child-rearing. Naturally there will always be exceptions. Gifted women will rarely turn from careers to full domesticity.

It is more than likely that the machine that has tended to scatter the family, even to shatter it, may soon become a new kind of unifier. Radio, adding for so many a great attraction to the home, is a move in that direction. Who can say what television will do when we finally have it?

The real old-fashioned marriage was held together by necessity. Perhaps the new American marriage will be based on mutual interests.

THE END

THINGS COME YOUR WAY WHEN YOU Feel Fine!

TAKE SAL HEPATICA AND WATCH LIFE BRIGHTEN UP!

HEALTH—Life's no fun when you're only half-awake. If you really want to feel fine, sweep away the poisons and wastes—and your clean, poison-free blood will give you a new pep and brightness. Keep internally clean with Sal Hepatica.

BEAUTY—Bright eyes, a clear, fresh skin, come naturally when you are *internally clean!* You have sparkle, life, charm—you are no longer a person half-awake. Start Sal Hepatica now! Note: Sal Hepatica is a great help in the reducing diet.

WHEN you feel "low"—half-sick, grouchy, half-alive—nothing goes right! Life is just one drab day after another, and *other* people have all the fun!

When you feel like that, it's time for Sal Hepatica. It's time to get rid of the poisons and wastes that are clogging your system. Until you're internally clean, you won't know what it is to feel sparkling and healthy.

Instead of envying other people their joy in living, buy a bottle of Sal Hepatica. Tomorrow morning stir a teaspoonful or so of Sal Hepatica into a glass of water, and drink down the sparkling mixture!

In half an hour, the poisons have been flushed from your system. You feel fine!

Don't think that Sal Hepatica is "just a laxative." Sal Hepatica offers the same benefits as do the European health springs. And doctors recommend the saline treatment for patients who are run-down, half-sick.

Sal Hepatica does *far more* than any ordinary laxatives can do! *It clears the blood stream of poisons!* It tones up the system. It gets at the causes of colds, digestive disorders, headaches, rheumatism, skin blemishes.

Begin with Sal Hepatica tomorrow morning, and find out what it is to enjoy life!

CONSTIPATION

Whenever you wake up with any symptoms of constipation—take 2 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Promptly, gently, the wastes will be flushed away.

HEADACHE

To relieve congestion which causes so many headaches, take a teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water and repeat in 15 minutes if not relieved.

COLDS

The first step in clearing a cold is to flush out the system with 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Continue before breakfast to keep free of congestion.

BAD COMPLEXION

To keep the blood-stream clear of impurities that often cause blemishes, take 1 teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water—for a week, or as long as necessary.

RHEUMATISM

As an eliminant, flush the system with 2 to 4 teaspoons of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Keep free of acidity by taking 1 to 2 teaspoonfuls before meals and retiring.

Sal Hepatica

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A-102, 71 West St., N.Y

Kindly send me the free booklet, which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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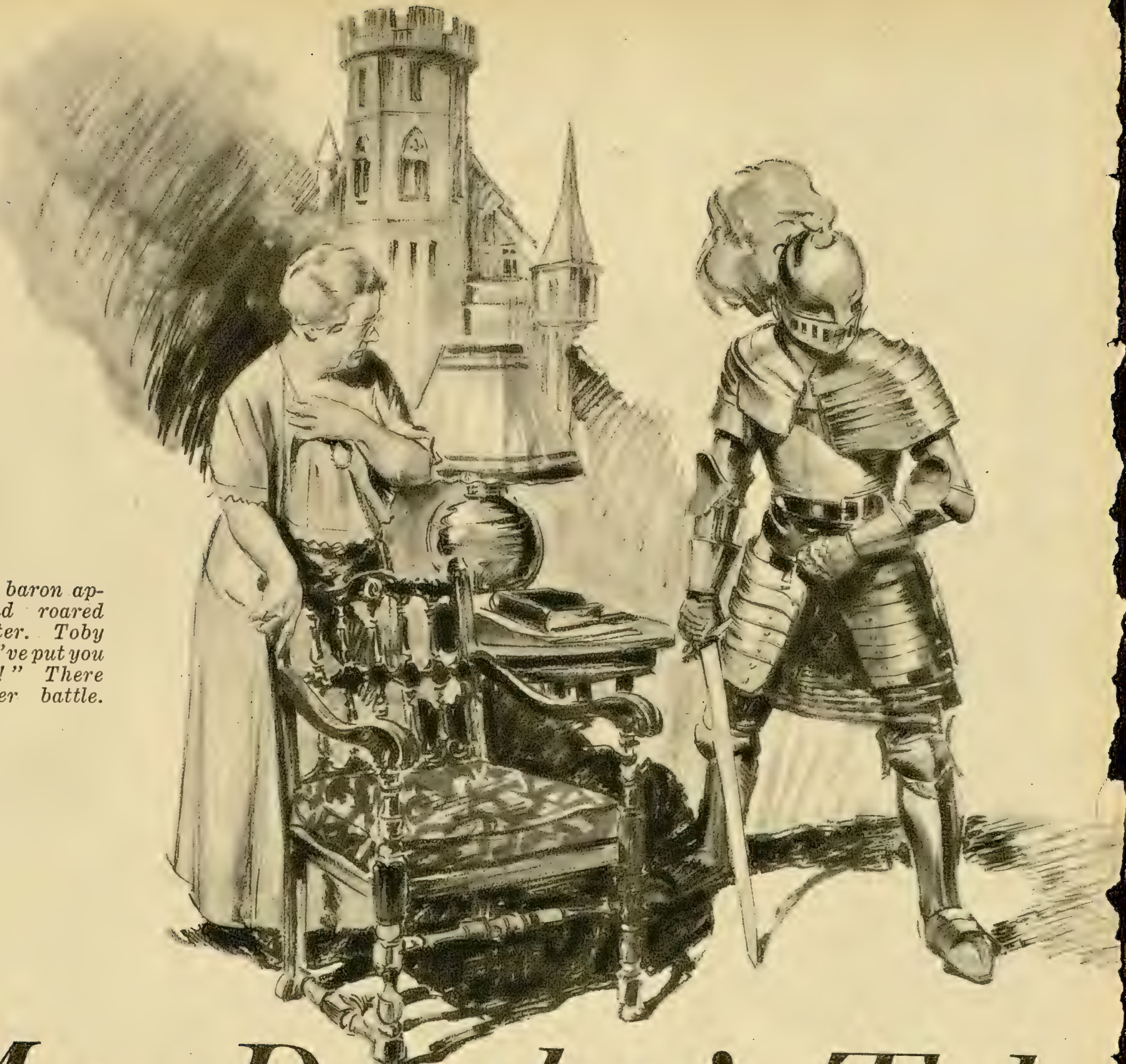


The robber baron appeared, and roared with laughter. Toby shouted: "I've put you on the spot!" There was another battle.

Mrs. Bartlett's Toby

By

CHARLES ALAN *and* JOHN ENTENZA

(Reading time: 24 minutes 27 seconds.)

SOPHIA BARTLETT, irascible grandma and dominant factor in the huge Bartlett fortune, agrees to take care of her grandson Toby during his father's absence in Mexico. During the family conference at which this was decided, Toby, eavesdropping and hearing various excuses offered to avoid his care, bursts into the room and displays a flare of the temper for which his grandmother is famous. This display really appeals to the old lady and leads her to agree to become his guardian.

A few days later the oddly assorted pair make a trip to Coney Island with disastrous results digestively. The following morning a maid, Martha, friend, confidante, and pro tem. night nurse of Toby, is discharged by Sophia for her failure to dust the banisters.

Toby, highly indignant, rushes to his grandmother to intercede for Martha.

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

SOPHIA, at the telephone, could not see Toby. He sat squarely in the big chair in front of her desk.

Looking up, she grunted, "Young man, get out of here." And turned to her papers.

"Gramps, I wanta have a confrance with you."

Sophia rustled papers.

"No time now. Run along." She turned to her secretary. "Miss Massey, get Roberts on the phone."

Toby stayed, determined. Finally Sophia noticed him once more.

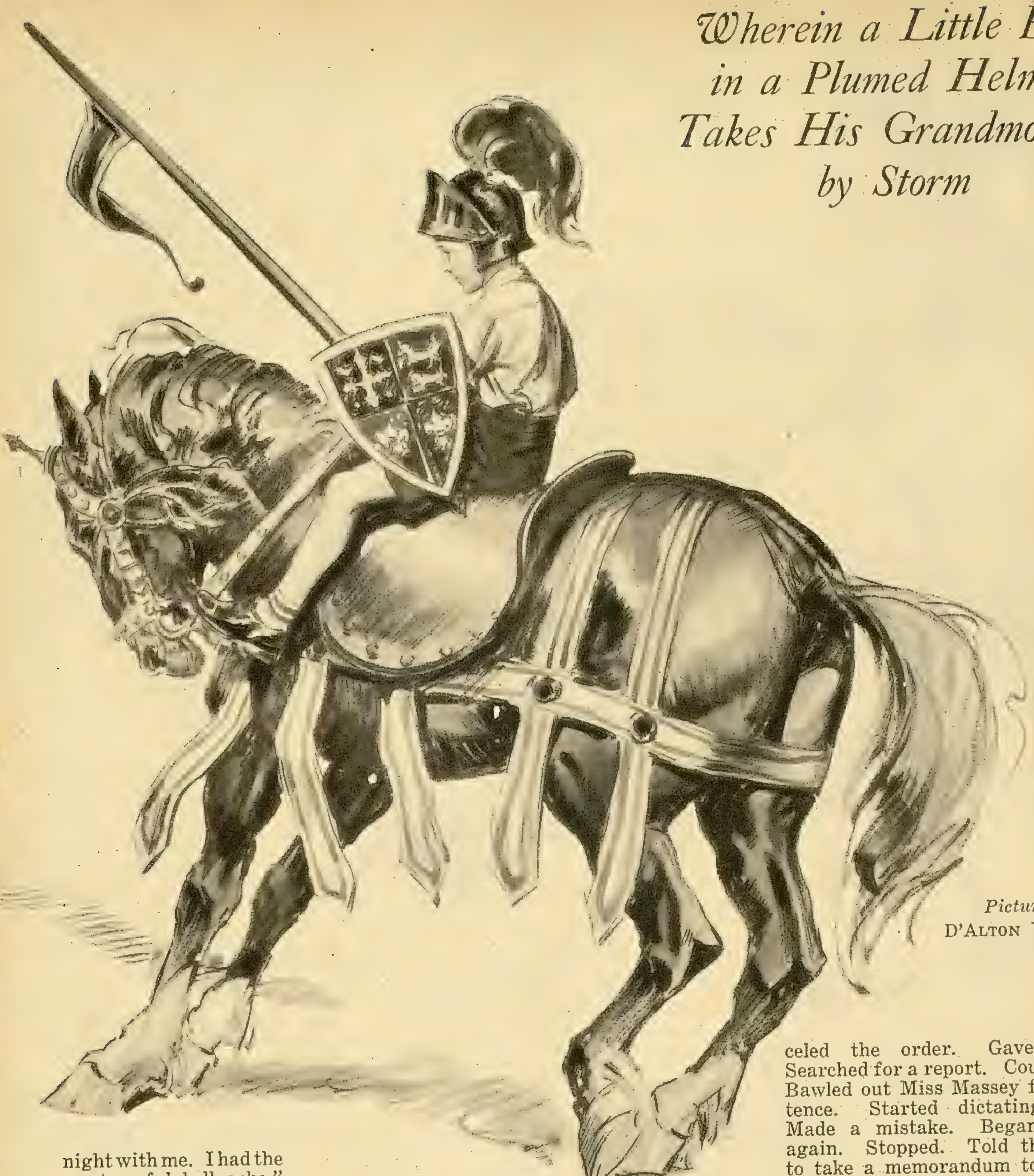
"Well," she snorted, "what's it about?"

"It's about Martha," Toby began.

"I fired her this morning," Sophia snapped; "she's a miserable sloven."

Toby spoke in a cool, hard voice: "She couldn't get to the darn' old banisters in time because she stayed up all

Wherein a Little Boy in a Plumed Helmet Takes His Grandmother by Storm



Pictures by
D'ALTON VALENTINE

night with me. I had the most awful bellyache."

Miss Massey winced.

"And Martha," Toby continued, "rubbed it and put cloths on it and gave me a pill. She held my hand all night. You can't send her away. She's my friend."

"My house," declared Sophia, "will not be run by anyone but myself. And I never" (bang on the table) "take back anyone I have fired. Bad for discipline," she added.

Toby was insistent. But, in spite of all his impassioned pleas, Sophia remained unmoved.

At last Toby gave up. He got down from the chair; looked sorrowfully at Sophia.

"Just wait," he said to her. "Some day, Gramps, you'll have a bellyache and nobody'll bother to get hot cloths or rub it for you. Then you'll be pretty darn' sorry you were so mean."

And with the greatest dignity he walked from the room.

Miss Massey stood behind Sophia's chair, smiling. Sophia turned, caught her. Gave her a devastating look. Sophia hunted through some papers. Tried to find a notation. Yelled at the secretary. Gave an order. Canceled the order. Gave it again. Searched for a report. Couldn't find it. Bawled out Miss Massey for incompetence. Started dictating a letter. Made a mistake. Began the letter again. Stopped. Told the secretary to take a memorandum to the housekeeper: "Martha stays."

She straightened herself in her chair.

"All right," she said. "Let's get down to business. Start that letter again. 'Gentlemen. In regard to your letter of the . . .'" She went on with her work, carefully avoiding Miss Massey's smiling eyes.

At dinner Toby thanked Sophia gravely. But things were a bit strained. Mrs. Bartlett was not a graceful loser. And, sensing this, Toby did not try to rub it in.

"Martha," demanded Mrs. Bartlett, "isn't this your afternoon off?"

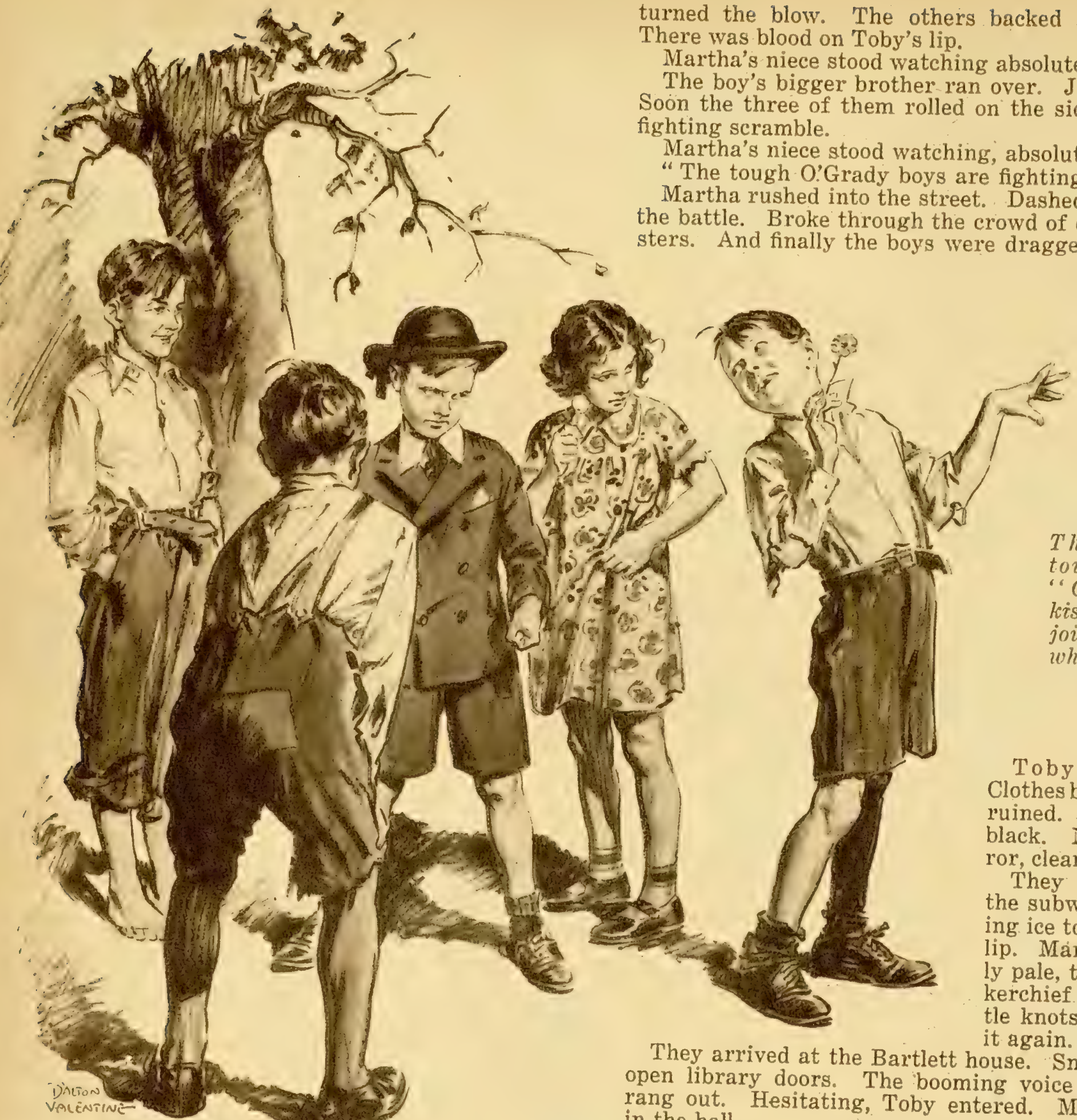
"Oh, yes, ma'am."

"Then I think it would be a good idea if you took Toby with you."

"Oh, yes, ma'am," Martha said. "He could play with my little niece. She's a dear little thing, and I always say, ma'am, that a boy should—"

"Yes," said Mrs. Bartlett. "Toby hasn't seen any other children since he arrived at 1662 and it might do him good."

"Oh, yes, ma'am. What I always say is—"



The first little tough shouted: "Give her a kiss!" The others joined in: "Yeah, why don't-cha?"

"Then you can take him. But don't get him home too late."

So Toby went with Martha. He was thrilled by his first ride in the subway. Excited by the barren spaces and empty lots of Flatbush. This must be like Mexico, he thought, or Africa. And he bet with himself that there were ferocious lions hiding behind every billboard. But of course the noise of the subway train must have scared them away.

Martha's home turned out to be a modest little house with a patch of lawn divided by a cement path. Martha's niece, a gawky little girl in a Sunday dress trimmed with lace, was tremendously proud of Toby. And was almost overwhelmed with joy when they were allowed to walk to the corner drug store together. They were going to buy ice cream.

A little tough followed them. Hooting at Toby's neat blue serge suit.

Then a second boy joined the first.

And a third marched with them. Added a few comments about Toby's felt hat.

Toby and Martha's niece walked faster, heads high. Apparently quite unconcerned.

The first little tough shouted, "Give her a kiss!"

And the others joined in: "Yeah, why don't-cha?"

A fourth boy ran over. "Come on, Valentine!" he shouted. Toby could stand it no longer. The boys were directly behind him now. Hooting in his ear. He turned suddenly. Pasted one of them in the jaw. The boy returned the blow. The others backed away, cheering. There was blood on Toby's lip.

Martha's niece stood watching absolutely terrified.

The boy's bigger brother ran over. Joined the scrap. Soon the three of them rolled on the sidewalk. A mad fighting scramble.

Martha's niece stood watching, absolutely terrified.

"The tough O'Grady boys are fighting Mr. Toby!"

Martha rushed into the street. Dashed to the scene of the battle. Broke through the crowd of cheering youngsters. And finally the boys were dragged apart.

Toby was a mess. Clothes badly torn. Hat ruined. Lip cut. Eye black. Martha, in terror, cleaned him up.

They rode home in the subway, Toby holding ice to his eye, to his lip. Martha sat, ghastly pale, tying her handkerchief into tight little knots, then untying it again.

They arrived at the Bartlett house. Sneaked past the open library doors. The booming voice of old Sophia rang out. Hesitating, Toby entered. Martha lingered in the hall.

Sophia stared at him. Narrowed her eyes.

"Well," she started, "so there's been a fight." Before Toby could answer she shot at him: "Did you win?"

Toby tried to explain. Well, no, he didn't exactly win. Sophia, making sure he was not really hurt, was furious.

"What do you mean by not winning? Our people always win! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

SHE shouted for Martha. Pale, trembling, Martha tiptoed into the room.

"Martha, how dare you let this sort of thing happen?" Sophia demanded. "Just what did happen, anyway?"

Martha, frightened to death, gulped.

"Well, you see, ma'am," she explained, her voice quavering, "the O'Grady boys jumped on Mr. Toby, and before I could get there he was a bit messed up. But not serious, ma'am."

Sophia turned on her.

"You say two boys jumped him?" Sophia bellowed.

Martha nodded.

"Why, the dirty little cowards," Sophia continued; "the filthy little yellow bellies! What boys were these? Where do they live?"

Martha told her.

"Well," said Sophia, "that mother ought to be told a thing or two."

She ordered the car. She was in a terrible rage. Toby was beside himself with excitement.

"Now don't do anything, Gramps!" he shouted.

"Mind your business," she snapped.

Sophia jammed on her hat. Stalked out to her car. Growled a direction at the chauffeur. Then started muttering to herself. "I'll show them a thing or two." Wagged her head. "The idea of doing a thing like that!"

The car pulled up in front of a small house in Martha's neighborhood. A big, red-cheeked Irishwoman looked curiously out of the window at the huge limousine, the liveried driver.

Sophia's voice boomed, "Do the O'Gradys live here?"

The woman nodded.

Sophia lumbered out of the car.

"Well," she said, "if you're Mrs. O'Grady, I've got something to say to you."

Asked into the parlor, Sophia sat gingerly on the edge of a chair. She explained who Sophia Bartlett was. But Mrs. O'Grady was not a bit impressed.

"That's all very well. But what is it?" she asked.

Sophia wrathfully explained the purpose of her visit. The big Irishwoman sat stolidly before her. Sophia wanted her to give her boys a good sound thrashing for being such little cowards.

Mrs. O'Grady rose, riled that anyone dared use the word "coward" in her house.

"The O'Gradys," said she, shaking her meaty fist, "have been prize fighters and priests and the best Tammany men in New York, but they've never been cowards. And as for you, Mrs. Bartlett, with all your fine cars and windy talk, you can be gittin' out of my house."

Both women were on their feet, glaring at one another. Sophia, in a rage, poked Mrs. O'Grady on the chest by way of emphasis. That lady calmly gave Sophia a push, sending her back against the couch. Her hat fell over her eyes.

She recovered herself. Strode to Mrs. O'Grady. Put both hands on Mrs. O'Grady's shoulders. Pushed the surprised woman down into her chair. Then Mrs. Bartlett marched from the room. Slammed the door. Amazed, Mrs. O'Grady stared after her.

WAITING for Sophia in a fever of excitement, Toby stood at the window. The car finally arrived, Sophia climbed out. Arranged her hat and her dress. Entered the house.

Toby ran into the hall to meet her.

She swept past him without a word. As she started up the stairs he shouted after her, "Gramps, did you win?"

She turned. Looked down. Scowled. "Mind your own business."

Sophia's room. She was being massaged by her maid. Still muttering about that cheeky Irishwoman. Then a telegram arrived. From Toby's father.

JOB COMPLETED MARRIED AGAIN ARRIVE HOME WEDNESDAY WILL TAKE TOBY THANKS FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE LOVE

For a moment Sophia did not realize what this meant. She read the lines over. "Will take Toby." Suddenly she knew they couldn't take him away. He was her Toby. She dictated a telegram. Tore it up. Much too sharp. Tried another. Hurried into her clothes. Went down to dinner.

Toby was already at the table. Nothing was said about the afternoon affair. But he was very proud of her. Scorning any direct show of affection, he was elaborately careless.

But he wanted to tell her that she was the swellest person in the whole world.

Sophia could only look at him and wonder. What will it be like if they take him away? She was very quiet. A Gramps that Toby had not seen before. All the bluff, booming arrogance was gone.

Just a sad old woman looking at a little boy. Realizing that he meant more than anything in the world to her.

In the library, after dinner, Sophia was going over the next morning's business with her secretary. But she had no mind for it. Important things.

"Of course, damn it, but I don't feel like working any more."

"Is Mrs. Bartlett ill?"

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HERE'S the up-to-the-minute form of yeast, scientifically pasteurized, that builds new health and beauty. Thousands are eating it every day to rid themselves of bad complexions. It is giving remarkable results in case after case.

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"Mrs. Bartlett is never ill! Get out. Leave me alone."

She fished around her desk. Found the telegram. Sat reading it again. And again. After a time she got up. Went to the door. Looked furtively up and down the hall. Empty. Then, as fast as her old legs could carry her, made her way to Toby's room.

He was ready for bed, but was having one last tinker with a dismantled radio.

Now the room was filled with expensive toys. Boats. Trains. Games. Swords. Flags. A pirate's chest. A knight's tall lance.

Sophia stood watching him. Then put her hand on his shoulder. He started. Turned. Greeted her happily. But edged away from what looked suspiciously like a caress. He was elaborately manly. They talked. Sophia approached the subject. But could not bring herself to tell him about the telegram.

It was getting late.

Martha entered, timidly suggesting Mr. Toby should be in bed. But Toby didn't want to go to bed. And Sophia meekly asked if he mightn't stay up five minutes longer. Smiling, Martha left them alone.

Toby wanted to play a game.

"Gramps, I know the swellest game —all about a black knight and a robber baron who's just like Al Capone," he explained, "and there's a castle and a moat and a forest and a lot of horses. It's really the swellest game you ever heard about, Gramps. Wouldn't you like to have a try at it? It's really swell."

"Well," she said, "yes, I would."

"Well," Toby continued, "first of all, I'm the black knight." The words came tumbling out of his mouth. He was deeply in earnest. The lights in the room faded slowly. "Now you see, Gramps," he went on, "I *am* the black knight, all in black armor. See?"

And he was. There was a visor over his face. A plume in his helmet. A sword at his side. Lance in his hand.

SOPHIA watched his eyes intently. He was believing all this. Making her see it.

"Now you, Gramps," he said, pointing at her with the spear, "you're the destructed—distracted, I mean—mother of the captured maiden." And Sophia was suddenly transformed into something remarkably like the Ugly Duchess.

"And now," said Toby, looking around the room, "we are in one of those bosky dells in a forest." The room faded and they were walled in by dark, towering trees. In the distance a tremendous castle loomed against the sky. Toby and Sophia were sitting in the midst of the forest in their fantastic dress. The furniture of the room was still with them. Sophia sat motionless in her chair gazing into Toby's eyes. She believed all this, too.

"And the bed," said Toby, "is a little green hill of moss. And the chairs, well, they're tree stumps, I guess."

And finally this strange new world was complete.

"Now," Toby explained joyously, "now you gotta shriek and tear your hair." Sophia pretended to tear her hair. "You gotta tear it hard and you gotta tell me your daughter is a captive in the castle." Sophia did so. "Ask me to save her!" Toby continued, shouting. "Go on. Ask me to save her. You better get down on your knees, 'cause I'm awful hard to persuade." Poor Sophia did as she was told. And eventually he melted before her entreaties.

Out of the darkness a very ancient white horse appeared.

"My steed!" shrieked Toby.

With Toby up front and Sophia perched precariously on its rump, the unfortunate horse started slowly and heavily toward the castle. At the gates there was a battle. But Toby, very brave, gained entrance for them as far as the castle steps. The robber baron appeared, and roared with wicked laughter. Toby shouted, "I've put you on the spot." There was another battle. The baron was sent tumbling in the moat. With her eyes Sophia followed Toby. Fascinated.

THEN Toby looked up. Far above them, at a window, the captive maiden sat. She was very beautiful and very quiet and very sad.

Toby turned to Sophia.

"There she is! Now, ain't she beautiful? I used to play this game with mom, and of course she always was the captive maiden 'cause she was so beautiful." Toby sighed with admiration.

"Now she'll call down and tell me all about the secret door, and then we'll go up and save her. That's how the game goes."

But the maiden did not speak this time.

Worried, Toby waited patiently. Then, a little timidly, shouted to her. His voice echoed and reëchoed in the deep silence.

There was no answer.

Sophia looked at him sadly. "Maybe there isn't any secret door this time, Toby."

Toby raised his head. Gazed at the maiden. She was still very beautiful, still very quiet, still very sad. She spoke no word. Toby stared at her with a puzzled expression. He did not understand.

For a long time he stood, staring and wondering. Then he dropped his head. "I guess there ain't no use waiting," he said. "It's getting pretty late, anyhow. Pretty cold and damp around here, too."

Toby and Sophia climbed once again on the sorrowful horse. Rode off slowly. Disappointed. And soon they were back in the bosky dell.

"I just can't sorta understand," he said. "When I used to play the game long ago it never turned out like this. I guess something sorta went wrong." He hesitated, then added, doubtfully, "Maybe we weren't playing the right game after all."

He took off the helmet with the

waving plume. It was getting to feel heavy and a nuisance. He was tired. Sophia settled herself on her tree stump again. Toby came to her and she put out her arms hungrily. He backed away and began to talk rapidly. Of this and that. Things that didn't matter much. Then he paused suddenly. Eyed her for a moment. And suggested he was pretty tired. He yawned.

"I guess I'd just like to sit on you, if you don't mind. I'm sorta all worn out."

Sophia made a move toward him.

"But," added Toby, "I don't like to be cuddled."

"Of course not," grunted Sophia, "and I'm deeply offended that you could even imagine I'd do such a thing."

"It's just because you look so soft to sit on."

"Yes," agreed Sophia, "I'm sure that's it."

He put his hand upon her knee speculatively. Then eased into her lap. She did not budge.

"You see, Gramps," he said, "I hate being cuddled. It's nice of you to let me sit here. But no cuddling, now, mind."

Sophia waved her arms. "Certainly not," she said gruffly. "Who ever heard of such nonsense? Cuddle you, indeed! Humph!"

She looked at him stealthily. He avoided her eyes. Put his head against hers. His hand stole carefully up to her shoulder. She made no move. But was smiling tenderly. It was all she could do not to hold him very close.

Toby nodded. His head drooped. His eyes slowly closed. As Sophia realized he was sleeping, the play world he had conjured up gradually disappeared. Their clothes changed back. The castle faded. The trees became the walls again. The little hill of moss turned into a great broad bed. And the tree stumps were chairs once more.

The great Sophia Bartlett sat alone in the room with a little sleeping boy upon her lap. Her arms were around him now, her hard old face amazingly soft. She looked long at the rumpled hair against her breast. Slowly she bent her head to touch it with her cheek. Mrs. Sophia Bartlett blinked her eyes furiously to hold back the tears.

SOPHIA sat in the library. Before her stood Toby's father and his new wife. Sophia sat fidgeting. Being elaborately offhand about things in general. Asking questions which meant nothing to her. And not waiting for the answers.

How was Mexico? In what condition did he find the wells? Miserable place, miserable climate, isn't it? And how was the trip home? They must be tired. Traveling is so trying.

Sophia was very careful not to mention Toby. She could not bring herself to talk about his departure. She knew very well she would cry, and then her nose would get red. What would this young woman think?

So they were going to the Long Island house? Well, maybe it was best. But, after all, they could take an apartment in town. That is a big house to run. And a small apartment would be more convenient. She could visit them once in a while. Seldom, of course, because business affairs were so pressing. But they could come to her. Perhaps even dine with her once a week.

But Toby's father had made up his mind. "It's a terrible waste to keep that big house with no one living in it. And, of course, the country's much better for the boy."

"Yes," said Sophia. She could utter no other word.

"We're so grateful to you," continued Toby's father. "It was so good of you to take care of Toby. He looks well. Happy too. I can't ever thank you sufficiently."

"We hope it wasn't too much trouble," the new wife added timidly. She was a little awed by these surroundings, by the presence of the great Mrs. Bartlett.

But Sophia would not be thanked.

"No trouble at all," she snorted; "hardly knew he was in the house."

Toby was in his room. Being very brave. Hurried about, helping to pack his things. He had to bite his lip, but of course he couldn't let Martha see him cry for anything in

Only half a minute

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the world. When the last bag had been closed, he stood for a moment contemplating the room. Its vastness, which had frightened him at first, had become familiar now. In each corner stood his toys. The boats and trains, the radio, the pirate's chest, all of them so dear to him now, part of this friendly room. This room he was leaving. They would never seem the same anywhere else. They were presents from grandma. There was the huge bed. There he had thrown himself the night he arrived at this house. There he had sobbed. Now he was going away. And now that bed had become his haven, his castle; its four posts welcoming spires rising in the midst of his terrain.

Then one single thought blotted out everything. He mustn't cry. Must not cry. Grandma did not like cry-babies. Quietly he went to Martha. Rested his head upon her shoulder. Menservants entered. And quickly Toby drew away. Picked up his hat and coat. Very straight, very still, he marched down through the corridors. Martha by his side. Menservants followed with the luggage. He hesitated for a moment at the library door. Listened to Sophia's hard voice being very pleasant and unemotional. He pulled himself together. Walked in. Smiling. The awful moment had come. Sophia and Toby gazed at each other. Immediately each knew that there was to be no sobbing or cuddling. They smiled. Each was terribly proud of the other. Terribly proud of the strength they shared.

"Have you told your grandmother that you liked staying here?" asked Toby's father. "Have you thanked her?"

Toby walked to Sophia.

"Thank you, grandma," he said. "I've had the swellest time, and I hope you'll come to see me soon."

Sophia's voice was hard and bright. "Thank you," she said, "I'd like to."

The father rose.

"Well," he said, "we've got a long drive ahead of us. We'd better be going now."

THERE were the conventional good-bys. Toby shook Sophia's hand. They were not looking at each other. Sophia turned hurriedly to the new wife. "And, of course, when you are in town, you must come to see me."

So they left.

The car drew away from the curb. Toby's strained face pressed against the cold glass of the rear window. Old Sophia watched furtively through a crack in the library curtains. The car disappeared. Sophia turned to her desk. The tears streamed down her face. . . .

Toby at home on Long Island. And strangely quiet.

"No, dad, I don't think I'll go out and play with the gang."

"Don't you like the new pony? You never go to see him."

"Sure I did, dad. He's very nice."

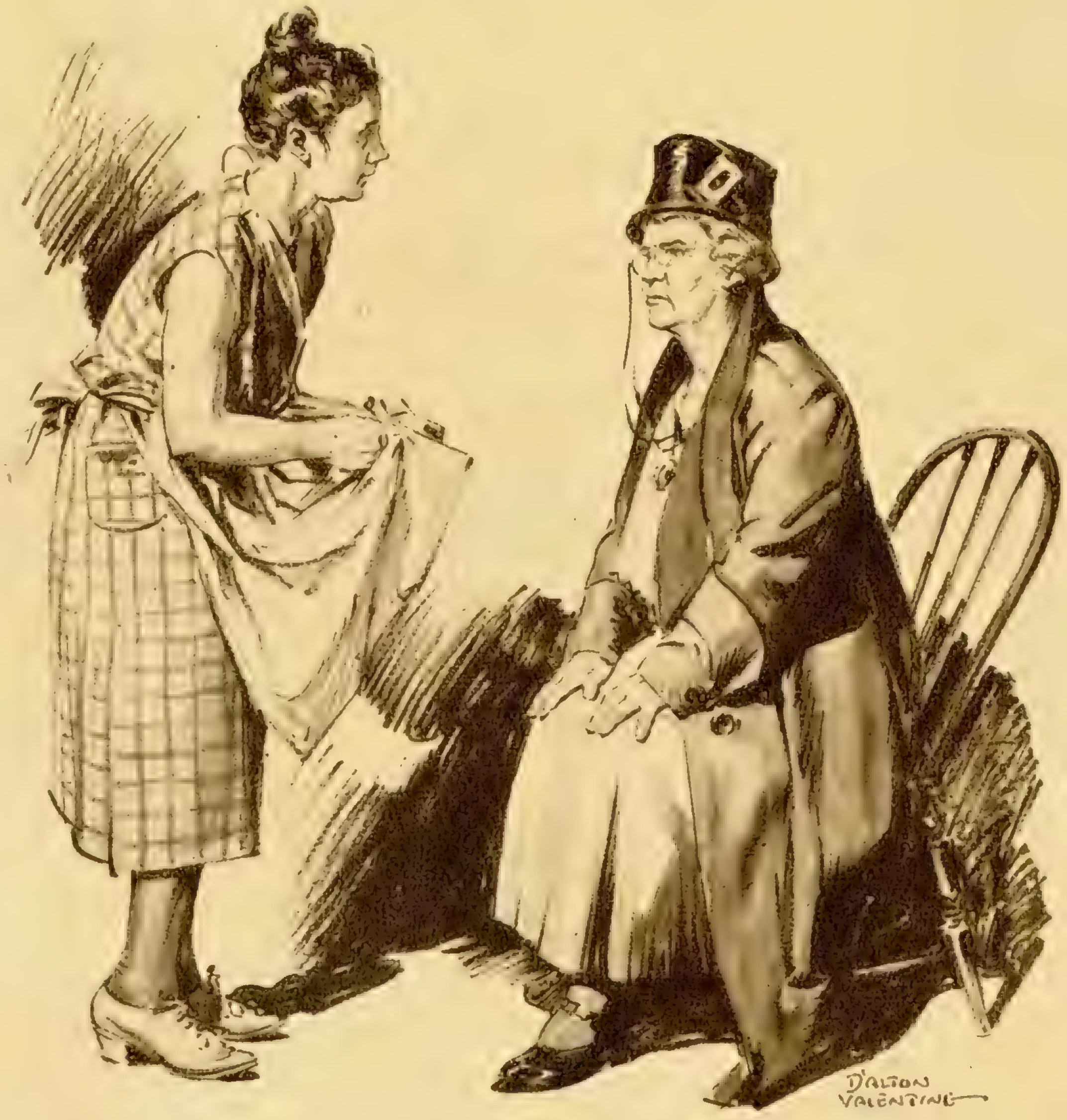
"And your new mother? You love her? Don't you, Toby?"

"Of course. She's beautiful. A swell mother to have." He paused, looked out of the window. Then he turned to his father again. "Gee, dad, I wonder how Gramps is getting along. You know an old lady like that must be pretty lonesome in such a big house." . . .

Sophia at her desk. Secretaries hovered around her. She was conferring with business associates. Trying to be her old domineering self. But somehow all the pleasure had gone out of it. She was uninterested. Agreeing with everything. If they would only not ask her to talk. They looked at one another in consternation. They grew bolder. One of them dared to become critical about one of her suggestions.

"Well," boomed Sophia, "is that so? Now, see here. I'll do what I damn' please about these shares. And in my own good time. Now get out of here. Leave me alone!"

And silent, cowed, they went.



Asked into the parlor, Sophia sat gingerly on the edge of a chair.

SOPHIA was alone at dinner. She cast furtive glances at Toby's place. Afraid the butler would notice. Later she tried to read. Tried to look over some reports. Threw the things impatiently aside. She went up to Toby's room.

The room was dark and empty. Only the light from a street lamp slid under a drawn shade. The furniture was draped with ghostly slip covers. Sophia stood in the center of the room. She remained motionless a long, long time. Then she walked over to the bed and sat upon it. A lonely, dejected, empty old woman.

The next day Toby's father was sent for. And Sophia and he stood face to face in the library. He was puzzled. Could not understand her nervousness. Her restlessness. The way in which she talked and talked, saying nothing. This was not at all like the composed, commanding Sophia Bartlett he had always known.

At last it came out.

"I must have Toby," she said; "I've just got to have him. For years, ever since Richard died, I've buried myself in your business. Given up everything for your interests. And I liked it. Probably you all hate me." The young father shook his head. "Oh, I know," Sophia continued, "I've been a pretty hard, unloved, and unloving old devil. But, damn it, this family would've gone to pot without me. I've managed everything for you." She paused. Walked to the window. Then turned, strode to Toby's father, and shouted, "But somehow those damn' factories and mines and railroads don't mean anything at all any more. There's only one thing in this hellish world I must have. And that's Toby." She blew her nose. "Damn it, he's really mine anyway. Like me in every way. Has the same look. The same spirit. Same spunk. He's the only one in this whole tribe who's worth anything at all. I can carry on through him. He'll sum up everything I've tried to mean. I've got to have him. You've got to let me have him."

The young father was amazed.

"I don't really know what to say," he replied. "I don't know what to do. After all, really, Toby's my son and I love him and it's only right a child should be with his own father." Sophia stared. Sat down. Crushed. "But don't misunderstand me," he went on. "I know how you feel. But I really love Toby too. I'm terribly sorry. But it can't be done. Desperately sorry. But Toby's important in my life too. I just can't give up my son. I just can't."

He went. Confused. And Sophia was alone again. She had lost.

The following morning the big house was a bedlam of activity. A corps of servants and workers put covers on the massive furniture. Packing boxes, suitcases, trunks were carried out. No one understood what was happening or why. The great mansion was being closed. 1662. People stood on the street and gaped.

Suddenly Sophia appeared dressed and ready for the street. A line of servants followed her with bags and boxes of every description. They strung out behind her as she marched into the street, where four or five limousines were waiting. Sophia took her place in the first of them, Martha beside her. The luggage was packed, the servants crowded into the remaining cars. The procession started down the avenue. East. Over the bridge. Through the dusty back lots of Astoria into the green of the country. Long Island.

The cars drew up in front of Toby's father's house. He watched in amazement; Sophia, hot and dusty, got out. Without a word she walked into the drawing-room, her face bitterly determined. The father and his wife followed her. Sophia stood in the drawing-room glaring at them. She plumped herself down.

"Well, if Toby can't come to me, I will come to Toby. And anyone who doesn't like it can lump it!"

She sat defiant.

The two young people were speechless. Then the young wife went to her. Put her arms around Sophia. Kissed her. The old lady sat fidgeting a moment. The father smiled.

"I think," he whispered, "Toby's down near the barns. There was a new calf this morning."

Sophia rose. Rushed out. Halfway to the barn she spotted a tiny figure, paused for breath.

"Toby!" she bellowed

The small figure turned.

In a moment the two were rushing at each other over the meadow. Across the broad yellow and green of the meadow, until they met. This old woman and this very little boy were locked in each other's arms.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

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1—Why are there no fish in the Dead Sea?

2—What countries in South America have no seaport?

3—Who was known as Oom Paul?

4—What was the Boston Massacre?

5—Who made the Statue of Liberty?

6—What is a peculiarity of the banyan tree?

7—How large is a section of land?

8—Who composed The Lost Chord?

9—Who designed the battleship Monitor?

10—What was one of the early names for Boston?

11—Who was the first to demonstrate atmospheric pressure?

12—The leaves of what plant are probably the largest in the world?

13—What is the difference between a mountain lion, cougar, puma, and panther?

14—In what year was the so-called Julian calendar introduced?

15—What two nations have their capitals on the same river?

16—Where is the Bay of Plenty?

17—Why do many coins have milled edges?

18—What is the source of "to cast pearls before swine"?

19—What was the original meaning of the word esquire?

20—How many islands are there in the Philippines?

(Answers will be found on page 41)

Why are Squibb Aspirin tablets easy to swallow?
(see page 41 for the answer)

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The RECKLESS LIVES of the MEN WHO ARE Buried Aliv

Hair-Raising Experiences of the Human Moles Who Drill Their Way into Threatening Death Hundreds of Feet Underground

By LOWELL THOMAS

(Reading time: 25 minutes 20 seconds.)

TUNNELS have a special fascination. Spooky, mysterious, the drip, drip of water, flickering lights, the hollow, booming sound of your voice, the roar and reverberation of exploding dynamite.

My first real job, when I was a kid, was working in a tunnel, and I still want to explore every underground labyrinth I run across. The other day I visited one under New York City. It was called City Tunnel No. 2, and through it, perhaps by the time you read these lines, will come the sparkling water of the Catskills down to the millions of faucets of Manhattan. For twenty-one miles this tunnel plunges through solid rock—the longest rock tunnel in the world.

I was standing with John MacDonald, the young chief engineer of the gigantic project.

"How far below the street level are we?" I asked.

"Six hundred and fifty feet," he replied.

When drills driven by compressed air are throbbing underground they have a curious effect on your voice. You yell at the top of your lungs, but only an eerie, ghostlike sound comes from your mouth.

I put my lips close to his ear. "I didn't get that," I yelled. "It sounded like six hundred and fifty feet!"

He nodded. "That's right."

Six hundred and fifty feet! That's half as far below New York as the mooring mast of the Empire State Building is above it.

"We're right under the Bronx shore of the East River," he added. "We're right under Hell Gate."

For a few minutes we watched a man standing on a scaffold, prying away with a long crowbar at the loose rock above him. I knew that was one of the most dangerous jobs of all in "rock heading," as they call dynamiting your way through rock. After the excavation has been made, and the "material," the chunks of rock, hauled away in the muc cars, the rounded sides must be scale Loose slabs and bits of rock that m seem perfectly solid have a w of crashing down without a ond's warning. And to scale t off without getting under th requires keen eyes and qui muscles.

International photo.

A high-pressure card game—sand hogs whiling away the time in a decompression lock before coming up to normal atmosphere. This saves them from the bends.

MacDonald stopped again. H pointed up.

"Right here is where it happened—that thing I told yo about."

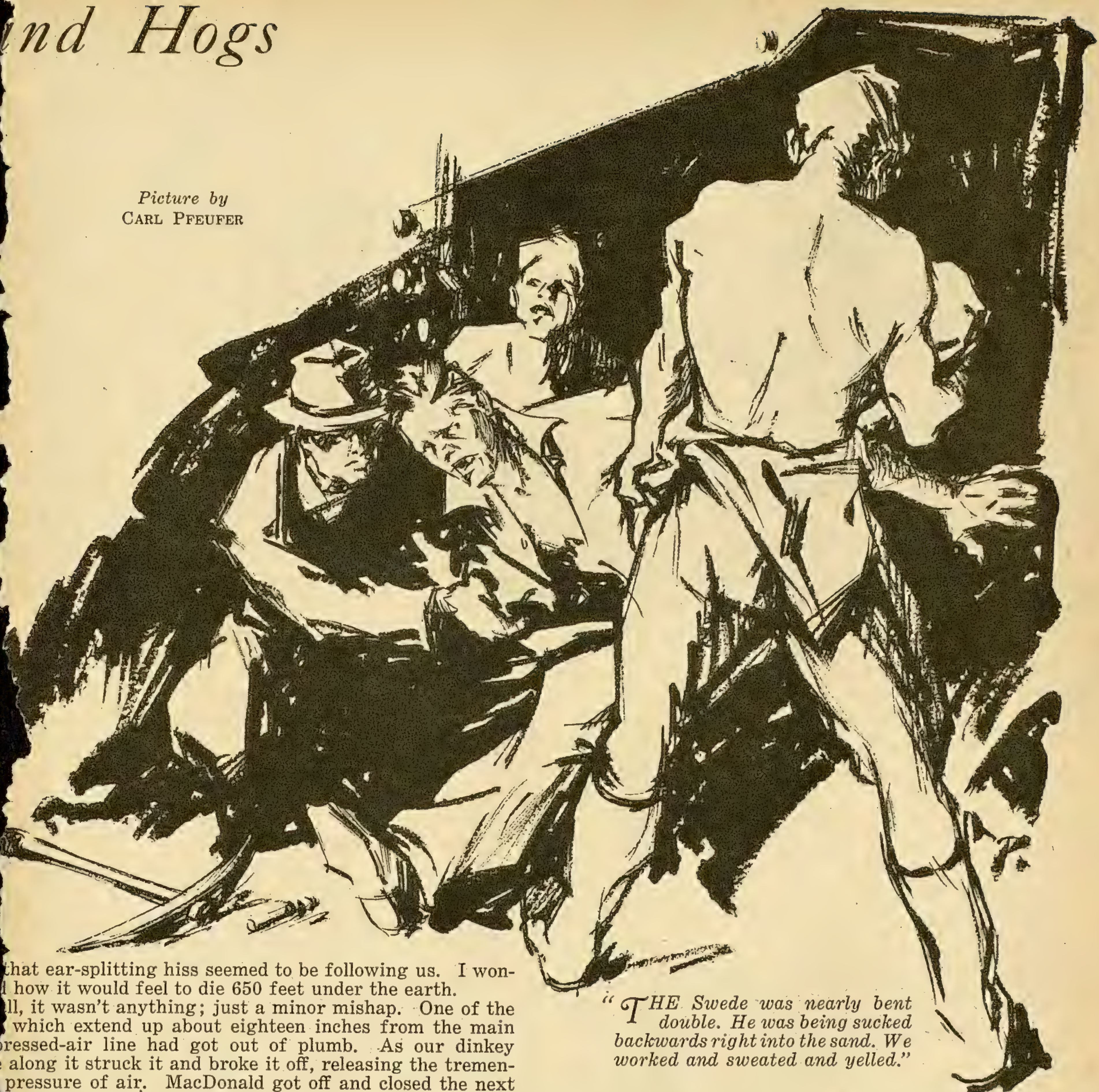
"That thing" was one of thos brushes with death that men i this hazardous game pass off wit a shrug. MacDonald was walking toward the head with tw workmen. Suddenly he calle out: "You fellows go on. I forgot something. I've got to telephone up to the storehouse for some bolts." He went to the near-by shaft where there was telephone, and had just hung u the receiver when he heard a hollow boom behind him. He turned His companions of a minute before were nowhere to be seen. But lying on the floor of the tunnel was a great slab of rock—which had not been there before. It was nearly an hour before the mangled bodies of the work men were extricated. If Mac hadn't suddenly remembered to telephone he would have been under there too.

When he had told me about it so casually, it hadn't seemed so appalling. But seeing the actual spot brought it home in a way that made my nerves a bit jumpy as we clambered aboard the electrically driven dinkey that was to carry us the rest o the way. MacDonald sat on the seat in front, driving the dinkey. I sat on top, at his left, my legs hanging over the side I was trying to kid myself for being shaky—when all of a sudden all hell broke loose right beside me. Not in twenty years had such a concussion struck my ears. Then it kept up as a stinging, tremendous hiss.

I glanced down at MacDonald. He was standing up, looking back, signaling to someone in the dimness back there.

nd Hogs

Picture by
CARL PFEUFER



"THE Swede was nearly bent double. He was being sucked backwards right into the sand. We worked and sweated and yelled."

that ear-splitting hiss seemed to be following us. I won-
how it would feel to die 650 feet under the earth.

ll, it wasn't anything; just a minor mishap. One of the
which extend up about eighteen inches from the main
ressed-air line had got out of plumb. As our dinkey
along it struck it and broke it off, releasing the tremen-
pressure of air. MacDonald got off and closed the next
we came to, shutting off the air below that point so the
could be repaired. But I was on the point of suggesting
possibly I'd presumed on his hospitality enough and
e we might as well get back up to the surface.

stopped the dinkey a little farther on and we got off.
u'll be interested in this," he yelled.

pushed open a narrow door built solidly of iron and
mbers. He held his flash light as I followed him through
nto a crooked passageway not more than three feet wide.
ew wider as we progressed and turned and twisted back
elf like a maze.

his is the dynamite magazine."

incidents which had just happened had prepared me
fully to go into it. I said nothing.

sently we came to a large grotto. "That's the dynamite,"
d, turning his light on a rack in the exact center of the
I noticed that the top of it was reënforced with heavy
rs. "To protect the dynamite from falling rock," he
ined. And there were the boxes of dynamite, tier upon
f them. The magazine is built at the end of these twist-
orridors so that in case of explosion the concussion would
ssipated. And that solid little door we came through is so hung that a sudden rush of air from inside will slam it tightly shut, thus protecting the tunnel itself from harm. It would not, however, do much to help anyone who happened to be in the vault.

The men who burrow into the innards of the earth are an unusually solidified guild. They are united by the peculiar exactions of their life and its extreme hazards. They have their legends, their almost legendary figures. And first among the latter is Dick Creedon. You can't talk to any tunnel digger, any man running an air drill, any "sand hog," as they call themselves, without sooner or later hearing the name of Dick Creedon. Dick Creedon and Marshall Mabie. Each of these men has had an experience that no other human being has ever had. They were *blown* straight up through the sand and muck beneath the bottom of a river, up through a hundred feet or so of water—and lived to tell the tale.

No matter how experienced or how hardened a sand hog may be, he never steps into an air lock, never spends one minute down in the work chamber, that the fear of a "blow" is not deep in his soul. Possibly the fact that Dick Creedon and Marshall Mabie "got it" and lived through it is some slight support to the morale. It is possible to live through a blow. It has been done. Dick Creedon did it. But of all the men who have been caught, only those two survived.

To explain what a blow is I must run the risk of being a little technical. Let's say the water in the river is seventy feet deep. Imagine, thirty feet farther down, thirty feet below the river bed, a huge steel cylinder. Along the bottom of this cylinder tracks are laid for the cars to run on, cars which carry in the concrete, steel, etc., of which the tunnel is being built, and carry out the muck and sand as the great round hole is forced foot by foot forward. A "hood" is telescoped over the front end of the shield. This is driven forward by hydraulic pressure two and a half feet at a time. The muck is cleaned out, and forward it goes once more.

national p

Just behind the shield and under forty-five pounds air pressure in tunneling beneath the East River, New York City.

Pressing down upon this cylinder—where men are working—are tons and tons of sand, tons and tons of water. The front end of the cylinder is, practically speaking, *open.* There is nothing there except the wall of sand through which the tunnel is being dug. What holds back the enormous pressure of those tons of water and sand? What keeps it from surging through the cylinder and destroying everything and everyone in it? Nothing—except compressed air. For every foot of depth, whether sand or water, there must be air pressure of about forty-four one hundredths pounds per square inch. That makes the pressure inside the cylinder equal to the pressure of the sand and water outside and above. Air and the outside pressure meet in a deadlock. Thus, if the cylinder is 100 feet under the surface of the water, there must be forty-four pounds pressure constantly maintained inside the cylinder.

And in the head of that cylinder, hacking at the oozing wall of sand, with the terrific pressure always pushing against it, are the sand hogs. If something goes wrong, if the hood of the shield strikes a buried pile in the river bottom overlooked by the engineers, if there is some exceptional formation of the sand, a fissure will form in the wall. The enormous surge of air in the cylinder will widen it. With an explosion like a monster piece of artillery, the air will escape, blasting its way in the fraction of a second through the river bottom and up through the water to the surface.

And immediately thereafter those tons of water and sand will rush into the cylinder, supplanting the air.

THAT is a blow. If a sand hog is in the head when a blow comes, his chance of surviving is—well, it's nil. But Dick Creedon did it. It was when they were building the old Battery tunnel under the East River. Apparently there was no warning. No trembling and oozing. The wall of sand simply gave way. Dick Creedon and two others were in the head. The air from behind whirled them out and up into the sand like human projectiles from a cannon. Somehow—only God knows how—Dick Creedon was boosted up and up through the silt into the icy water, on, up and up to the surface. And when he shot out of the water, high in the air, and then dropped back into it—he was actually conscious!

He just shook himself, took a deep breath, and *swam ashore.*

Nothing was seen of the other two sand hogs. The body of one rose to the surface about an hour later. It took some twenty-four hours to dig the second man out of the silt.

"I went through a blow once," said Johnny Murphy, another gnarled veteran of New York's catacombs. "I wake up sometimes yet, yelling my head off, going through it all over again. I'm living on borrowed time. By rights I should be dead. I don't know why I'm not. We actually saw the blow coming. The face of the cylinder began to shiver like a dish of jelly. The hogs in there let out a yell. 'Give us some sacks!' they yelled. The boys at the mixing grout began heaving the sacks of cement to them.

"It seemed to me every man in the shield knew he was doomed. They began throwing everything loose toward the head. We piled cement bags against the leak. We threw damn' near half a ton of hay against it—we keep hay down there for that sometimes.

"WHAT a madhouse it was! Fellows were falling over each other. We knew the lights would go out any second. And those big bags of cement were quivering and shaking like they were alive. Then—swish!—one bag let go and shot away into the sand. We heaved half a dozen more bags into the hole. One by one they were whisked away.

"Then we tore off our clothes and tried to pile them up around the edges to stop the air from going through. It was too strong.

"We were under about forty-five pounds." By law it is forbidden to work the men under more than fifty pounds pressure. "The foreman saw a guy start running for the gangway that leads to the emergency lock. This guy was screaming like a woman. He was a *spik* or something, I think. The boss grabbed him around the waist and whirled him back into us guys that was fighting the blow.

"The engines stopped. It seemed to make the uproar even harder on your nerves. And then there was a blast. Five of the bags, the hay, the dungarees and boots shot away. Then the lights went out. It was absolutely black. Then my head seemed to cave in on me from both sides at once. They'd got word on topside. They were shutting down the air.

"It was too late. God, it happened fast! It seemed to me I was slugged in the back and tripped up around my ankles all at the same time. The next second I was whirling around in a mixture of sand, water, and cement. Then my head hit something. It was the top of the shield. I was right up against the safety screen."

About 200 feet from the face there is a semicircular sheet of heavy steel, reënforced with concrete. This extends down about a third of the perpendicular diameter of the shield. It is called the safety shield. The water striking this is checked and partially dammed. If the shield is on a slant, as it usually is, this creates an air pocket on the other side, above the water level.

"Yes, sir, just in that flash of time I'd been shot up two hundred feet. I hadn't swallowed any water. I was still holding my breath. As the water whirled me over I kicked with all my might—staking my life on the million-to-one chance that I could dive under the screen and come up on the other side. Then I felt a pain in my back, like somebody had given me a sock with a heavy sword. It was the lower edge of the screen. I was kicking and pulling with my legs and arms. I couldn't hold my breath any longer. I swallowed a bellyful of that filthy muck in one gulp. But then, right in front of my eyes, I saw the rail of the gangway. I somehow pulled myself up on it. The water was about up to my waist, but I pulled myself along by the rail. I finally fell on my face on the floor of the hospital emergency air lock. I didn't know anything more till I woke up in the hospital room.

"I've heard that one or two other guys have managed to dive under the safety screen," he added with a touch of pride, "but I don't know any that has done it but me."

There is a thick concrete bulkhead about 200 yards back of the safety screen. In this are four round doors. They look like four massive wall safes. The lower two are the "muck locks," through which material goes in and out. The upper two are for the men, one of them used regularly as they "lock" in and out, the other the emergency lock, through which Murphy staggered to safety. The bulkhead, of course, is proof against the fiercest onslaught of water. In case of a blow only the work chamber between it and the face can be damaged.

"There's nothing funny about a blow, I suppose, any way you look at it," big Jerry Wilkins told me; "but—" Well, Jerry is the head of the sand hogs' union, and he's their dean, their arbiter, their leader. Every sand hog respects Jerry. He has, I believe, put in more years at this hazardous job than any other man.

"But," continued Jerry, "I got a laugh out of a certain big Swede who was working under me once. I saw a leak and thought we might be in for it. But it didn't look serious. So I told this Swede to ram the seat of his pants into the soft spot where the leak was. I was just kidding him, but damned if he didn't do it—he was that dumb.

"THE leak was worse than we thought. We didn't have much we could throw against it right at the minute. And this Swede was nearly bent double. He was being sucked backwards right into the sand. Did he bellow! I didn't know one man could make so much noise. And the hell of it was we didn't dare pull him out or it might have killed us all. We worked and sweated and yelled, piling timber, bags of cement, and clay against the face, leaving this Swede where he was till we got the rest of it plugged. We had to.

"The poor guy was in there for three hours! The suction nearly turned him wrong side out. I don't blame him for yelling. He didn't know what second he was going to be yanked up into the muck with his head doubled down between his ankles. I know what it is to be that close to getting it. I lay for hours one time flat on my face—it seemed like hours anyway—in the muck, with not more than two inches between me and the ceiling of the caisson."

When a perpendicular shaft is sunk, a circular box called a caisson, made of steel and concrete, is built, the size the finished shaft is to be. It is open at the bottom, and the lower edge, on the inside, slopes diagonally, forming what is called the cutting edge. At the top is a door which opens downward.

The caisson is sunk into the river bottom, or into the ground if it's shore work. Then a shaft of wood or concrete is built down to it and fitted directly over the door. At the top of this shaft is an air lock. The pressure in the caisson must be forty-four one hundredths of a pound per foot of depth (as in the horizontal shield), to keep out the water and sand. So the men going down there into the work chamber must first go into the air lock, where the pressure is gradually increased until it equals exactly that in the work chamber below it. Then and only then can that downward-swinging door be opened to permit the men to descend.

"WELL, I was down in the work chamber," continued Jerry Wilkins. "Something had gone wrong with the door. She wouldn't close. I was trying to fix it. Then the goose pimples came out on me. The caisson suddenly began to settle. They do that sometimes. But there was no way to stop this one, with that door on the bum. I just had to stand there while that thing went down inch by inch. The ceiling touched my head. I bent over. On down it came. I got down on my knees. I'd have prayed then, if I'd thought of it. On down it came. I got down on my elbows. Still she went on settling. Then I stretched out on my stomach in the slime and water, stretched out my arms, making myself as thin as I could. I could see—and feel—it was still coming down.

"It was funny the way I felt. I wasn't exactly scared. I mean I wasn't sweating and shaking. But I just kept saying over and over and over: 'Here goes Jerry. Here goes Jerry.' Six inches more and I would be pressed as flat as a sheet of paper, and then driven right on down and down —God knows how far—into the sand.

"Well, for some reason, right in the nick of time, the caisson stopped sinking. I should say there was about six inches between the muck, in which I was half buried as it was, and the ceiling of the caisson. When I moved my head I hit it. As I say, I don't know how long I lay there. It might have been an hour, it might have been six, before they got me out."

"Yep, I nearly got it that same way," another sand hog, Charlie Sykes, told me. "I was down in the work chamber. There were three of us. On this job the air lock was up on the top of the shaft, so there was no door between us and it. This shaft was about thirty inches in diameter. Well, when it happened to us, we didn't have any warning at all. The caisson just dropped like a shot. For a second I didn't know what had happened. All I knew was that something had. There I was, standing just where I had been, but there was no

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chamber around me. Damned if I wasn't standing in the shaft! It just happened that I was right under the shaft opening when she dropped. I looked up then and saw I was standing plumb in the middle of it.

"You can see my shoulders are pretty broad. An inch or two either way and I'd have been down under there—where the other two were. We finally dug them out. It was an awful job."

Jerry has another story which, I think, could form the basis for a tale as bloodcurdling as any Edgar Allan Poe ever wrote. They were working in Columbus, Ohio, on the American Insurance Union Building.

"We'd sunk a caisson down about a hundred feet," said Jerry. "Leading down to it was a wooden shaft. We were changing shifts; the fellows were locking out below—"

That is, they had left the work chamber and were in the air lock above it, being decompressed. Which means, in turn, that they had been working in the chamber below them under pressure of about forty-four pounds. As they sat in the air lock the pressure was being gradually reduced to normal. To come immediately out of that high pressure might mean instant death. To come out too fast causes that dreaded and excruciatingly painful malady, the bends. Roughly, for every pound of pressure a man has been subjected to, he sits in the air lock for one minute. These men, therefore, had been sitting there about forty minutes.

"And," Jerry continues, "the fellows on the shift going down were waiting till time to start. I got the signal, and told 'em to go on down. Well, the first guy gets in the shaft and starts down the ladder. He'd only taken a few steps down when damned if he didn't seem to lose his hold, and he dropped straight down out of sight. The second man gave a yell and quickly got on the ladder and started down after him. He got just as far as the first guy, when he just seemed to let go of the ladder and shoot straight down into the blackness below. The third guy said he'd go down and come back up and tell us if the other two were killed. He was on the ladder, just his head showing, when his face went blank and *he* dropped out of sight.

"Then my old pal, good old Jack McCarthy, an old-timer, said, 'What the hell's the matter with those guineas? Are they doped?' Sullivan, the iron boss, tried to stop him. 'Hey, Mac!' he yelled. 'Don't go down there! There's three down there already.' 'Go on,' grinned old Mac. 'I know what I'm doin'. I was in this game when you was—ah!—' That was all. He'd got down about to his waist. Like a shot he disappeared."

"What in heaven's name do you mean?" I cried. "What was the trouble?"

"Well, sir, I went to the edge of that shaft and looked down. It was filled with a thick green mist, like a heavy fog. It was so thick it looked like water almost. It took a crew of college professors a week to make tests and find out what it was. But it seems there was some kind of vegetable matter in the ground there that absorbed all the oxygen in the air. The minute the fellows got down into that mist—no oxygen—out they went. I knew all those fellows and liked them. Especially old Mac."

THE sand hog is probably more sedulously protected by laws and by the rules of the company he works for than any of his brothers among the death-defying trades. As I mentioned, it is illegal to work him under more than fifty pounds of air pressure. (And, incidentally, this limits the depth at which tunnels dug "under air" can be built to a little more than 100 feet under the water level.) At between forty-eight and fifty pounds pressure he must not work more than one hour a day, and he must not even do this in one stretch; he must do it in two shifts of a half hour each. From forty-eight to forty-three pounds he works one and a half hours; two shifts of three quarters of an hour each. And so on, down to eighteen pounds, at which he works seven and a half hours.

For this work at present the basic pay—that is, the pay for work under pressure of from zero to eighteen pounds—is eleven dollars a day. The pressure regulates the pay. As it increases and the work hours decrease, the pay increases at the rate of fifty cents for each pressure jump. A man working under the maximum pressure, fifty pounds, gets fourteen dollars a day for his two thirty-minute periods of work. They get double pay for work on Sundays, even if they are merely on what is called the "watch shift."

When working under compressed air they must be examined by a physician at regular intervals. If they are away from the job, even for a day, they must be examined before entering the air lock. If, as happens now and then, it is evident that they have been drinking heavily, they will be "set down" by the doctor and lose their pay until they are in shape again.

Rest rooms where they may take their ease between shifts are provided; and usually covered, heated runways lead to these. When they come out of the decompression lock, they are likely to be saturated with sweat.

NEXT WEEK—

Why I Will Not Marry

By

Greta Garbo

A frank discussion by the famous screen star of the reasons why she prefers to walk alone

Also stories and articles by

Senator Burton K. Wheeler—Beatrice Grimshaw—Polly Simpson MacManus—Princess Alexandra Kropotkin—Bert Green—Paul Jones

IT is required by law that a hospital room equipped with a "hospital lock" be maintained twenty-four hours a day when a job is in progress. This hospital lock is a miniature of the regular air lock in which the men lock in and out down on the job, except that it is divided into two compartments. They are about five feet in diameter and have wooden benches along the sides where the men may stretch out. If a man gets the bends, there is only one thing to do for him. That is to rush him immediately under compressed air again. As Major Gleim, the man who really built the Holland Tunnel, said, this is one ailment where the cure is the same as the cause.

The man is placed on the bench in the inner compartment of the hospital lock. The doctor goes in with him. Then the pressure is turned on and increased to a point equal to that under which he was working when he got the bends. If normally, down on the job, it would have taken twenty minutes to decompress him, it may take as long as two hours to do it if he has the bends. So the pressure in the outer compartment must also be raised to equal that of the inner one, so the doctor himself can be decompressed when he comes out.

I do not believe it is definitely known what causes the bends. If a man comes out of high pressure too quickly he will get them; but frequently they seize him even if he spends the usual time locking out. His stomach may be out of order, he may have been hitting the bottle the night before; almost anything. And the bends may be fatal; they may leave a man deformed or paralyzed for life; they are certain to cause him intense agony.

"It's just like you had an ulcerated tooth," Bill Riley told me, "only like your whole damn' body was one big toothache." Riley had suffered a severe attack of the bends, although he had been left unscarred, and apparently he had given considerable thought to the subject. "You see," he explained, "there's oxygen and nitrogen in the air you're breathing down there, a lot of oxygen. Well, when you come out the extra oxygen goes out of your system all right. But the nitrogen doesn't. It takes time for that to be absorbed and to evaporate. Now if it doesn't, then it forms like bubbles. And these get into your blood stream and they are just like a million bullets. If they get to your heart—out you go. Anyway, they seem just as if they was tearing your muscles away from your bones. You'd maybe get the blind staggers; maybe your spine will be paralyzed—God knows what. But if you can get under pressure again soon enough and be decompressed slowly, you'll be all right."

When off duty every sand hog wears a shield, giving his occupation, and stating that, in case he is found helpless or unconscious, he should be immediately rushed to the nearest of the hospital locks, the addresses of which are given on the shield. In the old days unlucky sand hogs who suddenly got an attack of the bends (sometimes this happens several hours after they have left the job) were locked up as drunks—and, of course, died.

Well, these cheerful thoughts were fluttering through my mind as I stood in the hospital room while the doctor examined me. I had finally mustered up my courage to go down into the shield. They were working under about thirty-five pounds. And as the jocular medico listened to my heart, took my blood pressure, etc., I decided I was being rather foolish. Somewhat to my dismay he pronounced me fit, and, chiefly because I couldn't think of any way to get out of it then, I found myself sitting on the bench in the air lock with the eight sand hogs who were relieving the shift on duty. We sat there only a few minutes. I didn't feel anything except a slight tickling in the ears as the pressure was increased. Then the heavy iron door leading into the shield was opened and we filed through. I was a little disappointed. Here I was in an atmosphere pressing in on me thirty-five pounds to the square inch. Yet I felt just as if I were in natural air.

BUT when we went on up to the face, and I saw that wall of oozing sand, the magic of it smote me. Nothing protected me from the onrush of tons of water and sand—from death—except this air that I could not see or even sense!

This shift worked about an hour and a half, and then we filed back through the iron door of the air lock and sat down again. I found myself beside a wiry, loquacious little chap by the name of Tony Martelli.

Again my ears felt a little queer, but that was all. If I hadn't known that the pressure was being slowly reduced I doubt if I would have noticed anything at all.

"You know," Tony was saying to me, "it was in a lock just about this size that I got religion. Yes, sir. We was sitting here, just like you and me, and we was waiting for the signal to get out. And we waited and waited. Then we realized something was wrong.

"WE looked at each other. And then we waited. We didn't say anything. Then I began to feel dizzy. We'd been under the pressure too long. I felt like I was caving in, caving right in on myself like. Then one guy let out a yell. He keeled over on the floor. That seemed to explode something in all of us. One guy staggered over to the door there and began to beat on it with his fists. And then one guy began to scream and laugh like a lunatic. I was too sick to do anything. I seemed to be spinning around a million turns a second, I did. And then another guy stood up and seemed to reach for something, and then he just crumpled up and sank on the floor. 'Jesus!' I yelled. 'How long? Why don't they fix it? Why don't they let us out?'

"That's the damn' thing about it. You just don't know how long you're going to be a-dying. I looked at those guys on the floor. I wished to hell I could pass out. *How long?* That's the feeling that gets you."

I noticed suddenly, as I looked anxiously and longingly toward that door which led to fresh air and freedom, that my teeth were chattering. My feet in the heavy rubber boots were sweating. My shirt was soaked with sweat.

"*How long* is right," I said to Tony faintly. "How much longer do we sit here?"

"Huh? About half an hour. We only been in here about five minutes. Then there was another time when I almost got it—"

"Yes," I said. "I'd like to hear about that. But let's change the subject now. What part of Italy do you come from?"

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Harsh Words, Dick

MOTHER, dad, and little Dick were taking two women friends with them in the car. Dick was asked to sit in the back seat with the friends instead of crowding into the front. He steadily refused. When asked why he didn't want to sit there, he replied very loftily, "You know how I feel about women."—Mrs. Naomi Masten, Route 4, Tonganoxie, Kan.

Carpenters, Take Note

MOTHER was testing Charles' knowledge as to the use of various tools. He did pretty well until she picked up a screwdriver and asked him:

"Charles, what is this used for?"

Charles thought a minute and then he exclaimed:

"I know—to wind up a nail!"—Edith Washbourn, 3751 Pulaski Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

WIN SLEEP IN 10 MINUTES

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TO the weary millions who suffer from insomnia, here is a welcome, helpful message.

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The Generous

Bette Davis a Film Surpris
and a Stock-Market Talk

By FREDERIC

Dick Barthelmess, starring himself, gives Bette Davis a superb chance in his new film, The Cabin in the Cotton.

It takes a good man to kiss one girl and have two enjoy it, but that seems to be the case with Lee Tracy, Mary Brian, and Ruth Donnelly in the film Blessed Event

(Reading time: 9 minutes 15 seconds.)

THAT generous star, Richard Barthelmess, lets another player emerge to success in his newest film, The Cabin in the Cotton. This lucky newcomer is Bette Davis.

Out of his casts have come William Powell, Constance Bennett, Lois Moran, Dorothy Mackaill, Madge Evans, Jetta Goudal, Ernest Torrence, and dozens of others. He gave Edward G. Robinson his first film rôle.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ THE CABIN IN THE COTTON

CAST

Marvin	Richard Barthelmess
Betty	Dorothy Jordan
Madge	Bette Davis
Old Eph	Henry B. Walthall
Lane Norwood	Berton Churchill
Cleve Clinton	Walter Percival
Jake Fisher	William LeMair
Old Slick Harkness	Tully Marshall
Old Blind Negro	Clarence Muse
Holmes Scott	Edmund Breese
Russ Carter	John Marston
Sock Fisher	Erville Alderson
Lilly Blake	Dorothy Peterson
Tom Blake	David Landau
Uncle Joe	Russell Simpson
Ross Clinton	Harry Cording

Directed by Michael Curtiz.
Produced by First National.

The unforgettable Tol'able David turns to the problems of the poor white trash. Orphan son of a white cotton-picker, Marvin Blake is adopted into the home of a wealthy planter. Thus he is torn between two factions. The planters exploit their workers, grind them to the dust, keep them in their debt by forcing them to buy necessities from their own stores. The planters, on the other hand, bear all the problems caused by fluctuating cotton prices and continually lose through a wretched gentry suffering from hookworm and thievery.

Young Marvin tries to find a happy balance between these two eternally battling classes through a coöperative system.

These problems are not the only ones facing Marvin. He is pursued by his foster father's giddy, wild daughter, who hurls herself madly at his solemn head.

Mr. Barthelmess gives an earnest, sincere performance of Marvin, but it is Bette Davis who steals the film through her surprising playing of the madcap Madge Norwood.

Up to now I have never been impressed with the Davis talents; but this flashing work proves I have been all wrong.

★ ★ ★ BLESSED EVENT

CAST

Alvin	Lee Tracy
Gladys	Mary Brian
Frankie Wells	Allen Jenkins
Miss Stevens	Ruth Donnelly
Moxley	Ned Sparks
Bunny Harmon	Dick Powell
Moskowitz	Milton Wallace
Gobel	Edwin Maxwell
Alvin's Mother	Emma Dunn
Miller	Walter Walker
Office Boy	Bobby Gordon
Dorothy	Isabel Jewel
Miss Bauman	Ruth Hall
Hanson	George Chandler
Reilly	Frank McHugh
Cooper	Tom Dugan
Boldt	Walter Miller
Flint	William Halligan
Church	George Meeker
Shapiro	Jesse De Vorska

Directed by Roy del Ruth.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

As a New York stage hit this was the first of many yarns glorifying the Broadway columnist. It is still the best. And you will find Lee Tracy to be your favorite Winchell of the lot, although I did like Ricardo Cortez as the columnist of Is My Face Red?

Blessed Event is a fresh, racy, pungent melodrama of this now familiar figure of contemporary journalism. The columnist breaks hearts, violates confidences, tells secrets, holds Broadway's attention, coins a new language, flaunts the worst the Main Stem and its gangsters can do.

Mr. Barthelmess

nother Columnist, a Melodrama, the Picture Parade

AMES SMITH

And in the background is what used to be called a bar. The lady perched upon the stool is Ruth Chatterton in The Crash.

Joel McCrea as one of the mad Russian's victims in the weird, sinister picture, The Most Dangerous Game.

Much of the grip of Blessed Event is due to Mr. Tracy's uncanny performance of the ruthless Alvin Roberts.

He gives vitality, spontaneity, and the requisite hard sympathy to the part, and through him Alvin Roberts becomes a stinging commentary upon our modern newspaper modes and manners.

The columnist's inevitable secretary is well done by Ruth Donnelly.

★ ★ ★ The Most Dangerous Game

CAST

Bob Whitney	Joel McCrea
Eve Trowbridge	Fay Wray
Martin Trowbridge	Robert Armstrong
Count Zaroff	Leslie Banks

Directed by Ernest B. Schoedsack and Irving Pichel.
Produced by RKO-Radio.

Hot after new thrills, the films hit upon a sinister, exciting idea in this adapted Richard Connell story. A wealthy insane Russian, an ex-big-game hunter, intrenches himself on a lonely island, shifts the reef lights about in a way to wreck the unwary mariner, and lands a select lot of castaways upon his isle at his mercy. These he holds prisoner, releases them one by one, hunts them down with high-power rifle and bloodhounds, and stores them away in his trophy room. This madman looks upon humans as the most dangerous game.

Leslie Banks makes the crazy Zaroff so menacing, so starkly mad, that the melodrama attains high suspense. Banks appeared on Broadway last year in Springtime for Henry. The popular Joel McCrea and pretty Fay Wray play two hard-put victims of the Russian's hunting proclivities.

★ The Crash

CAST

Linda	Ruth Chatterton
Geoff	George Brent
Ronnie	Paul Cavanaugh
Céleste	Barbara Leonard
John Fair	Henry Kolker
Marcia Peterson	Lois Wilson
Hodge	Ivan Simpson
Esther Parrish	Helen Vinson
Arthur	Hardie Albright
Landlady	Edith Kingdon
Frank Parrish	Richard Tucker
Nadine	Virginia Hammond

Directed by William Dieterle.
Produced by First National.

An unsatisfactory story of what the 1929 Wall Street crash did to two people: a broker and his wife. Unfortunately, the two couldn't take it; for they descend to frequent petty efforts to avoid poverty. The wife prepares to desert her husband for a wealthy new admirer; the husband blackmails one of his wife's former friends for enough money to hold her himself.

These spineless, politely sordid characters offer little opportunity to Ruth Chatterton and her new real-life husband, George Brent. The dialogue is affected, the story a trivial, vague picture of those mad days of speculation now seemingly about to recreate themselves.

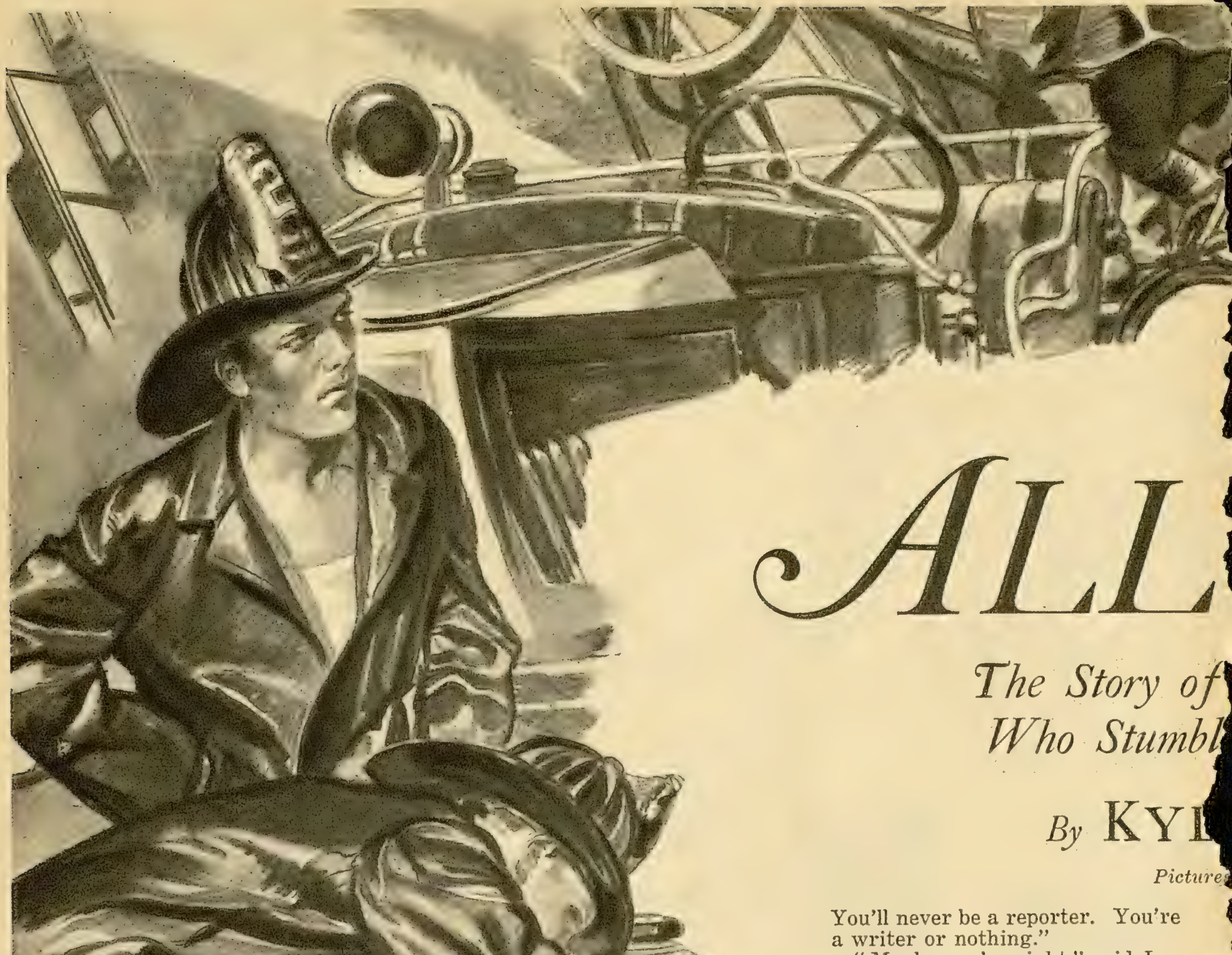
Do you know that—

Tallulah Bankhead probably will sign next with Metro-Goldwyn?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Movie Crazy, Grand Hotel, Congress Dances.

★★★—Life Begins, Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Blondie of the Follies, The Night Club Lady, Horse Feathers, Congorilla, A Successful Calamity, The First Year, What Price Hollywood, Strange Interlude, American Madness, Red-Headed Woman, Bring 'Em Back Alive, Winner Take All, The Dark Horse, As You Desire Me, State's Attorney, Letty Lynton, Scarface, The Mouthpiece, The Wet Parade, But the Flesh Is Weak, Are You Listening? So Big, The Crowd Roars, The Beast of the City, It's Tough to Be Famous, Tarzan.



ALL

The Story of
Who Stumbl

By KYL

Picture

(Reading time: 19 minutes 31 seconds.)

JOE and Myra were having a sixty-five-cent dinner in Harpy the Wop's, over on Ninth Avenue.

"I'll bet you can't imagine something," said Joe.

"I can imagine all right," answered Myra.

"Well, what?"

"You're going to get fired."

"How'd you guess?"

"I knew it when you got the job. You're no reporter. You'll never be a reporter. You're a writer or nothing."

"Maybe you're right," said Joe.

"You're a genius."

"Maybe you're right," said Joe.

"But not a reporter."

"So you been telling me," said Joe. "Everybody's been telling me. The old buzzard told me today. Said if I didn't shake out the lead I'd find myself out in the sticks some place working on a milk wagon. . . . When are we going to get married?"

Myra stopped picking at her salad and looked at him.

"Yes, that *is* an idea. I can see that. We could get married and move right into the County Home."

"I'm making twenty-five a week, ain't I?"

Myra reached over and patted his hand.

"Sure you are, darling. With my twenty-two we could do it slick. That is, if you weren't so bull-headed about being the supporter of the family and no wife of yours will ever work and all that old South Dakota bunk."

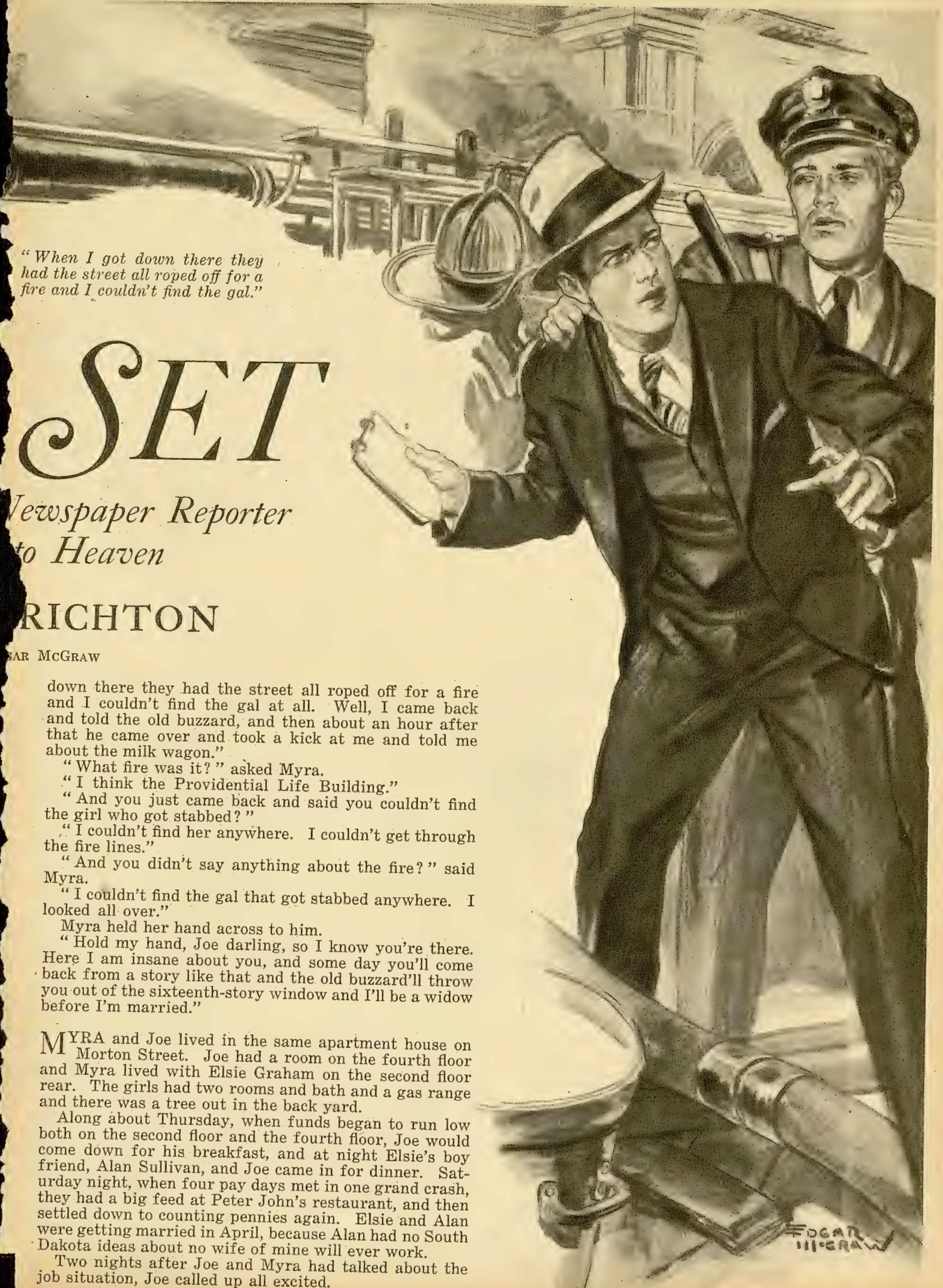
"No wife of mine will ever work," insisted Joe.

"On twenty-five a week in a big city, no wife of yours will ever eat, either."

"I'll get a raise," said Joe.

"A raise! You were telling me just a minute ago you're all set to get fired. What was it you did this time?"

"I didn't do it this time," said Joe. "That was the trouble. The old buzzard sent me down on Twelfth Street to see about a gal who got stabbed, and just when I got



"When I got down there they had the street all roped off for a fire and I couldn't find the gal."

SET

ewspaper Reporter
o Heaven

RICHTON

AR McGRAW

down there they had the street all roped off for a fire and I couldn't find the gal at all. Well, I came back and told the old buzzard, and then about an hour after that he came over and took a kick at me and told me about the milk wagon."

"What fire was it?" asked Myra.

"I think the Providential Life Building."

"And you just came back and said you couldn't find the girl who got stabbed?"

"I couldn't find her anywhere. I couldn't get through the fire lines."

"And you didn't say anything about the fire?" said Myra.

"I couldn't find the gal that got stabbed anywhere. I looked all over."

Myra held her hand across to him.

"Hold my hand, Joe darling, so I know you're there. Here I am insane about you, and some day you'll come back from a story like that and the old buzzard'll throw you out of the sixteenth-story window and I'll be a widow before I'm married."

MYRA and Joe lived in the same apartment house on Morton Street. Joe had a room on the fourth floor and Myra lived with Elsie Graham on the second floor rear. The girls had two rooms and bath and a gas range and there was a tree out in the back yard.

Along about Thursday, when funds began to run low both on the second floor and the fourth floor, Joe would come down for his breakfast, and at night Elsie's boy friend, Alan Sullivan, and Joe came in for dinner. Saturday night, when four pay days met in one grand crash, they had a big feed at Peter John's restaurant, and then settled down to counting pennies again. Elsie and Alan were getting married in April, because Alan had no South Dakota ideas about no wife of mine will ever work.

Two nights after Joe and Myra had talked about the job situation, Joe called up all excited.

"Listen, Myra," he said. "I'll be late. I might not get there at all. I'm on a big story. They got everybody in the place out on it. . . . That big guy's disappearance. You know—Anderson. The guy who went off with the guy's wife. The old buzzard says if the Gazette gets scooped on this story we'll all be fired—"

"That's better than being fired alone."

"What's that?"

"I said take your time. I'll be here when you come. I got a book."

"You remember me telling you about Sam Jarman?" cried Joe. "I'm going out with Sam. He's right here now. We're going right out. He's the best reporter the Gazette's got."

"You'll be swell," said Myra. "You can write rings around them all. I'll wait up for you till midnight. I want to hear how you come out."

"Don't worry about me. I'm going to do something this time! You won't catch me slipping up on any big fires. I'll be seeing you. G'by, sweetheart."

"Good-by, darling."

At half past eleven the phone rang again and it was Joe.

"Listen, Myra; I won't be home at all tonight. . . . I'm in Bayonne. . . . Yes, Bayonne, New Jersey. We got something hot, Sam and me. . . . You go on to bed. I'll see you in the morning. G'night, sweetheart."

"Good night, darling."

There was no call next morning, and before going to work Myra went up to Joe's room to see if he might have come back without waking her. But his morning paper was still there and he didn't respond to the knocking, so she decided he wasn't there and went on downtown.

Just before she was going out to lunch she heard from him again. His voice seemed a long way off on the phone.

"Myra, listen. I'm in Bethlehem. You know—where the steel works are. It's going great. We're right on the trail. Sam is getting the stuff and I'm writing it. Look in the paper tonight under Sam's name. That's all mine."

"I'll look it up sure. That's great, Joe—wonderful! I knew you could do it. Don't worry about anything, sweetheart. I'll be here when you get back. I love you."

"G'by, darling."

"'By, sweetheart."

At nine o'clock that night Myra had another call.

"I'm in Wilkes-Barre," said Joe. "Sam's in Scranton and we're going great. Did you see the story? How'd it look?"

"It was wonderful, Joe. All over the front page. Sam's name was on it, but I didn't care. Yours will be on some day. It was your stuff, anyhow."

"Sam got it all; I just wrote it up."

"It was grand, Joe."

"Say, Myra, why I called you was this. You go down and get Oscar to give you the key to my room. I need a couple of clean shirts—and a pair of socks. And some—some underwear—you know. I'm looking like something that was left over from a charity drive. I might get pinched here for vagrancy. Send them parcel post to the Hotel Wilkes-Barre first thing in the morning. Special handling. I'll pay you when I get back. Sam's going to stay in Scranton and phone me the stuff here and I'm writing it up and putting it on the wire. That way we can watch two hotels. We got that guy with that dame cornered. It's a great story. G'night, darling."

"Good night, Joe, sweetheart. You're marvelous!"

THE story was plastered over the first page of the Gazette for five days, for two of which the town was scooped on it. During those two days the Press was reporting the missing Mr. Anderson and his inamorata in Boston; the Star had them in Baltimore; the Chronicle discovered them in Philadelphia; the Globe, very cautious, had them in no definite location; but they certainly did not have them in Carbondale, Pennsylvania, as they were reported to be in the Gazette.

On the third day the great Mr. Anderson issued a signed statement from Carbondale, asking the world why it was not possible for a man to go away with the woman he loved without being hounded by the press. The press pointed out in return that when a man leaves his wife and three children and goes off with the wife of a friend, who leaves two children of her own behind her, and when they both are in the Social Register, they are very definitely news whether or not they bite a dog or are bitten by a dog in return.

Joe and Sam got back in town Friday. Sam stopped to get a haircut and shave before reporting to the office; but Joe went right up, beaming with his triumph. In the midst of his triumph he was called over by Bleeker, the city editor, who was holding his hand over the telephone mouthpiece.

"This is a call from the old man. Where's Jarman?"

"He's getting a haircut. He'll be here in about an hour."

Bleeker talked into the phone:

"I'm talking now, Mr. Harbison, with Baker, who was up there with Jarman on that story. Jarman's back but he isn't in the office. . . . Yes, I'll tell him. I'll send him right up."

He hung up and turned back to Joe.

"Go up and see the old man right away. He wants to talk to you about that Anderson story."

The fellows in the city room stopped Joe on his way out.

"Pretty soft for you!" they said. "Ordinarily you'd have to pry a raise out of that old hound. Here he is crying for you to come and take the money away from him. Make it stiff."

But Joe didn't like the look of the old buzzard's face when he came in.

"Sit down, Baker," said the old buzzard portentously.

He fumbled over some papers on the desk, obviously stalling for time to get himself under check.

"That was a great story you two had up there, Baker—a great story."

"Yes, sir."

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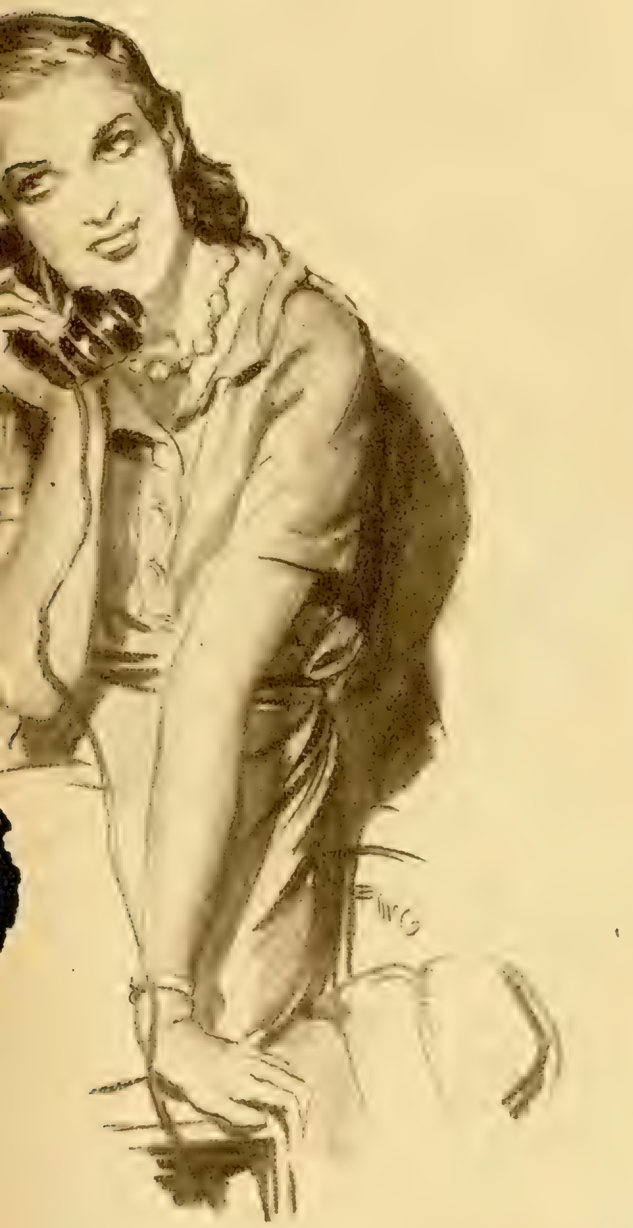
"For a while," said the old buzzard, "I had the foolish idea you might handle one story without going crazy in the head."

He paused and looked intently at Joe, who said nothing.

"That was just an idea I had," went on the old buzzard. "You know how it is. You like to think that for once in your life you can get one whole story in the paper without getting gray-haired over it."



"Joe darling, how are you? I'm dying to see you."

"Yes, sir," said Joe.

"Don't yes me!" shouted the old buzzard, rising up on his toes behind the desk.

"No, sir," said Joe.

The old buzzard looked at him for a long moment.

"You wrote those stories from up there, didn't you? Yes, I know it; never mind. Jarman never wrote a story as good as that in his life."

Joe was modestly silent.

THE old buzzard got up and came around from behind the desk.

"That was a wonderful story—yes, a wonderful story. So damned wonderful it's liable to cost us two hundred and fifty thousand dollars! Do you hear that, you unmitigated, maladjusted lunkhead? Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars! You wrote that dainty little bit about Anderson and his lady staying in the home of Charles P. Hunt of Carbondale, didn't you? Well, Charles P. Hunt is having marital troubles of his own, and that story, which didn't happen to be the truth, is the basis for a libel suit which will just about blast us loose from the sum I mentioned. Would you mind getting out now before I lose my temper and tear a few limbs off you?"

Joe, in a daze, got out of the room, stumbled down the stairs, and found himself in the city room in a muddled state.

A voice hailed him immediately:

"Hey, Goofus—I mean you, Baker. Some dame here wants you on the phone. Where you been?"

Joe took up the receiver, still not able to do much in the way of thinking.

"Joe darling, how are you? I'm dying to see you."

"Myra, listen," said Joe desperately. He could hear his voice coming from a long distance. "I'll be right down. Stay there till I come. There's been a libel suit. A million dollars or something. I'm fired. I'm probably going to get arrested. It's terrible! Wait there for me, sweetheart. Wait there."

HE hung up the receiver and started out. He met Sam Jarman at the door.

"Hey," said Sam, "what's the idea? Where you goin'? Sit down. I want to talk to you."

Joe sat down.

Myra waited two hours for Joe. Mr. Zublinsky went out for lunch and Mr. Zublinsky came back from lunch and she was still there.

"You sick or something?" asked Mr. Zublinsky.

"I'm waiting for a phone call."

"That feller?"

"Yes."

"If you gotta wait that long fer a feller before you get him," said Mr. Zublinsky, "what'll it be when you got twelve children or something?"

Having said his say, and quite pleased with it too, Mr. Zublinsky went into his private office and closed the door. Myra waited, typing a few letters to still her worry.

Suddenly the door opened and Mr. Baker stood on the threshold, beaming. A smile was spread over his face, his eyes were alight, his whole presence was joyful. He rushed over and kissed Myra, and then stood off and looked at her, holding her firmly by both arms.

"Old lady," he cried possessively, "get your hat on! Say good-by to old Zobloblobski. We're getting married!"

"Married! You told me you were discharged. You told me you were going to jail!"

"Pooh!" said Joe. "I'm set. I'm very definitely and indisputably set. I get a raise!"

"Sh-h-h!" said Myra, fearful of his mental state and maneuvering him out into the hall.

"Don't pipe me down. I'm telling you! It's the truth. Fifty a week."

She got him quieted down.

"Now you tell me what's happened," she demanded.

There ought to be a pillory for potent pipes

THOSE Salem witches were innocent lambs compared with this erring brother. He smokes a pipe that smells like the village smithy. Yea, verily, someone should tell him about smoking *good* tobacco in a *good* pipe. Sir Walter Raleigh's mild and flavorful blend of Burleys is a splendid example. It's full bodied. Try Sir Walter Raleigh and you'll never be recommended for the potent pipe pillory, even by the most sensitive dames of your village.

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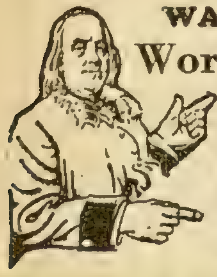

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"Well, when I talked to you over the phone I'd just been kicked out of the old buzzard's office. I was just coming down here when I ran into Sam, and he told me it was the best thing that ever happened to me. If this guy sues the paper for libel, the trial may hang on for years. I wrote that piece about Anderson being in Hunt's house—it doesn't matter what Hunt; I'll tell you later. Don't stop me even if you have heard it. Well, the Gazette'll have a swell time trying to put up a defense unless they have witnesses. And I'm the principal witness. The best part is that Anderson *was* in Hunt's house and I can prove it. I'm the only one that *can* prove it. So I'm set, see? Set!"

"But, Joe—"

"SAM went right to the old bozo's office and told him he'd better go light on kicking me around, and then Bleeker called me over and said there'd be fifty in the pay envelope after this and how'd I feel and all that, and it was a great job I'd done on the Anderson case. Come on, now. Get your hat. We'll go out and get the license."

"I'm not going to be married in *this*," cried Myra. "You give me a little time. You'd think a girl could just go out during lunch hour and get herself tied up for life! Anyhow, I got some things to think over first. I'd like to be sure about that fifty."

She reached up and kissed him.

"You're wonderful, Joe! That was a grand story. I read every word of it. We'll have dinner at Peter John's."

She went back into the office to still the cries of Mr. Zublinsky, who was yelling:

"Miss Gray! Dictation!"

They decided to wait a month to be married. Elsie was marrying Alan in three weeks, and Joe could just move down into Myra's apartment and everything would be set. In the meantime they could save enough out of the fifty a week to get a start.

So Joe went back up to the Gazette and basked around in his glory and got an occasional unimportant story to cover.

He got his first fifty-dollar pay envelope and he got his second.

"I knew a guy once," said Sam Jarman, "who had a job for three years on this same libel dodge you're getting by on. I guess that'd make you sore."

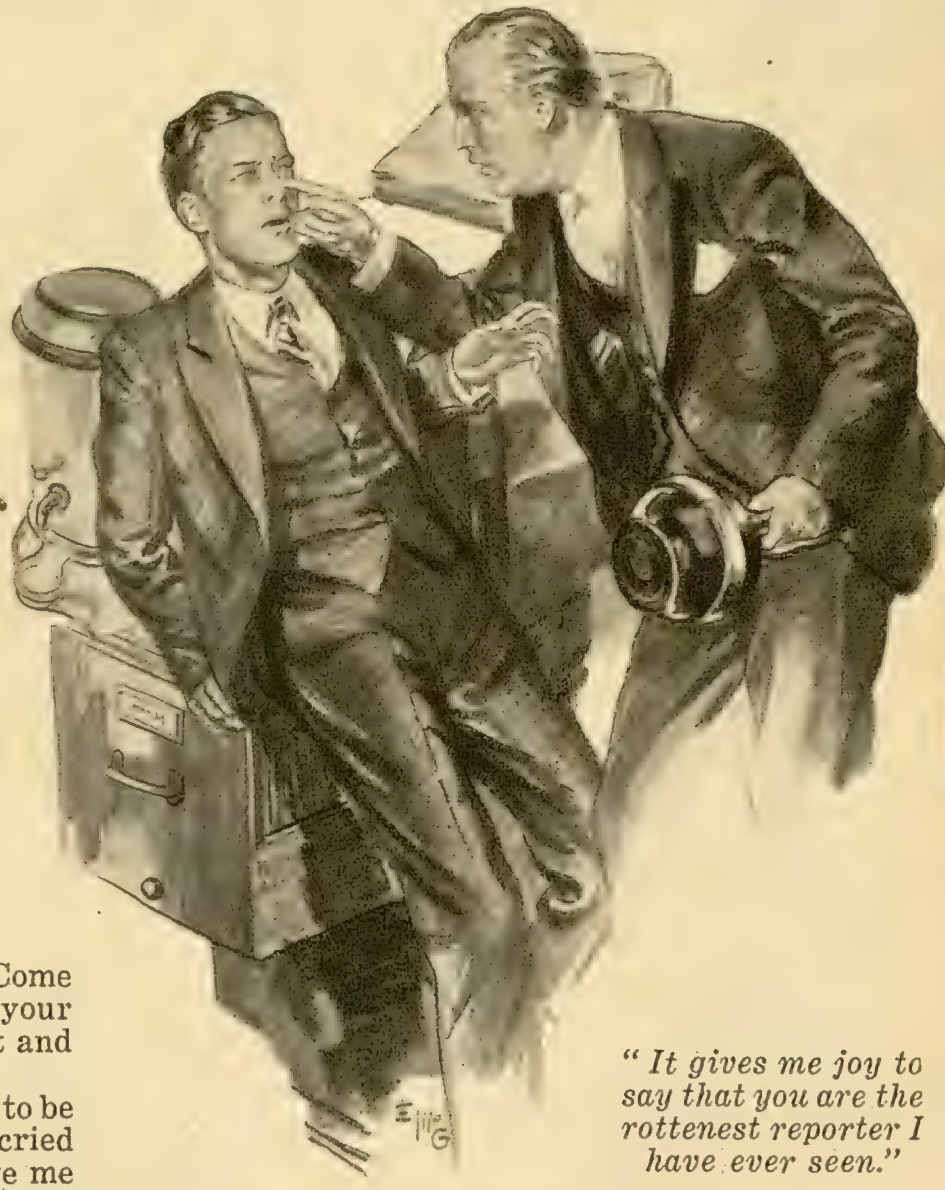
"I'm sore now," said Joe.

"And you're still the world's worst reporter. You had everything right on that story today but the man's name, where the fight started, what day it was, and who got hurt."

"It was just a fight between two guys," said Joe.

"Were you looking around for the Crimean War?" asked Sam.

It was then that a copy boy came over and said Mr. Harbison wanted to see Mr. Baker.



"It gives me joy to say that you are the rottenest reporter I have ever seen."

"What's this—another raise?" asked Joe as he started up.

"I suspect the worst," said Sam. "I'll have the fire net in the alley under the old man's window."

It was quite evidently the worst. Joe could see that the minute he went in.

"WELL, Baker," said the old buzzard, "it isn't often that I get a moment of joy in this lousy job, but right now I'm on the verge of breaking down with pleasure."

"Yes, sir," said Joe.

"You remember that Anderson case, I imagine?"

"Yes, sir."

"The one in which you got us into a libel suit for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I have the pleasure to tell you that Anderson's libel case was settled this morning out of court without a cent of payment by us, and it gives me greater joy to say that you are fired! It gives me joy almost unbelievable to say to you that you are the rottenest reporter I have ever seen in thirty-two years' experience, and if I ever catch you hanging around the Gazette again I'll have the sports department crown you with a baseball bat. Get out!"

Joe went out. Somehow he got down to the city room and into the phone booth.

He called up Myra.

At the same moment Bleeker, the city editor, was going up the stairs to the old man's office three at a time. He burst into the room.

"Where's Baker?"

"I just had the great pleasure of firing him," said the old man.

"You can't fire him!"

"Who says I can't fire him?"

"Do you know that story he wrote for us yesterday—that one about a shooting down on Houston Street?"

"No, I don't know it," said the old man, "but I can imagine it. It was probably lousy."

"It was worse than that!" shouted Bleeker. "It was libelous!"

"Another libel suit!" howled the old man.

"Yes."

The old man looked around as if hunting something.

"Where is he? I think I ought to kill him!"

"Well, you kill him later on," said Mr. Bleeker. "What we gotta do now is get him back. You stay here till I find him. You have to handle this."

Bleeker went tearing down the stairs again and found Joe still in the phone booth.

"Come out of there!" he cried. "The old man wants to see you."

Joe said a few more words into the phone, and then came out smiling.

"Just a minute," he said.

He went over to the mail box and picked out a letter. He opened it, read it slowly and with a continued smile, and then put it in his pocket.

HE went upstairs with Bleeker, and they went in to see the old buzzard, who was smiling now in a friendly way.

"Mr. Baker," said the old buzzard, "I owe you an apology. I'm afraid I spoke a bit hastily. I've just been reading this story you turned in yesterday on that killing down on Houston Street. That is one of the finest stories I have read in years. In view of that, we most certainly want you to stay on here with us. The salary will be the same, but there will be chances for advancement as you go along."

Joe looked at him quietly.

"I think I understand," he said. "There's been another libel case—on that killing story?"

The old buzzard stepped back a bit in confusion.

"Well, as a matter of fact," he said, "there has been a suit filed on that, but it is a minor thing. We have lots of those. What has caught our eye, however, is the splendid way you write—"

"Sure," said Joe. "Sure—I know."

There was a silence which Mr. Baker did not break.

"In fact," said the old buzzard, "I believe we might make it sixty a week in a case like yours."

"No," said Joe. "No—I'm sorry. I'm quitting."

"Quitting!" shouted the old buzzard. "Why, you can't do that! You can't go off and leave us like this just when we're in a pickle. You might leave town, and then where would we be?"

"I'm not going to leave town."

"Well, then—"

"And I'm not going to work for the Gazette."

"Are you going to work for the Chronicle?" shouted the old buzzard in a panic. "I know that trick. They'll send you to Europe when the trial comes up and leave us holding the sack."

JOE took the letter out of his pocket and handed it to the old buzzard.

"That's where I'm going to work. I got that this morning from the Metropolis Magazine."

He turned to Bleeker.

"You know when I was down in that phone booth just a while ago? Well, I was talking to my best girl. She took those stories up to the Metropolis yesterday without telling me about it. She took both this new story and the Anderson case stories, and they decided I was pretty good. They want me on the staff—a hundred a week."

The old man was still looking at the letter.

"Great heavens!" he said.

"Just to make sure that you keep an eye on me," said Joe, "you'd better be around at City Hall this afternoon. I'm going to get married to that same girl friend."

"Well, my boy, I needn't tell you how happy we are. You needn't think the Gazette will overlook an occasion like that."

He shook Mr. Baker's hand warmly.

"On second thought," said the old buzzard, "I believe I will be around. I'd just like to get a look at a girl as smart as that. I can imagine a very stable and happy married life with a start like that."

"Well, it ought to be a happy life," said Joe. "We're all set for it."

He went down then and entered the phone booth again and called up Myra.

"Is this Miss Gray?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, this is the old maestro. Go on, now—go in and tell Zubloblobski you're through. It doesn't matter if he *has* been good to you. Tell him you're through! You're going to get married. . . . No, not next week—today! And none of your back talk. I don't care what you wear. . . . What's that? Sure—sure. The best witnesses in the world. Guess who? The old buzzard—"

THE END

The Answer to the Aspirin Question (see page 27)

Squibb Aspirin tablets are easy to swallow because they do not crumble in the mouth. Yet when dropped in water or swallowed whole they disintegrate quickly and completely. Hence, they are effective and *promptly* so.

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Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 27

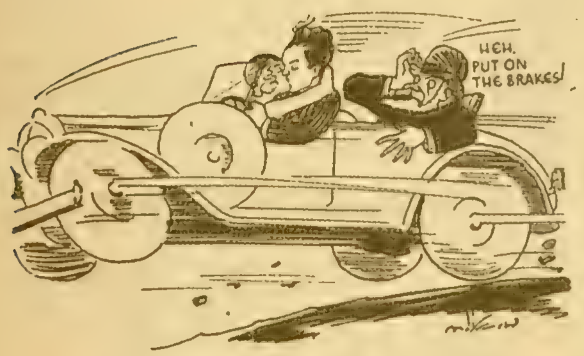
1—Because it contains twenty-seven per cent of solids, including salt, chloride of magnesium, chloride of calcium, and many other ingredients.
2—Bolivia and Paraguay.
3—Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger, President of the South African Republic, 1883-1900.
4—A disturbance in Boston, Mass., March 5, 1770, when some of the British garrison fired on a crowd, killing three and wounding others.
5—Frederic Auguste Bartholdi.
6—It sends out aërial roots that grow down to the soil and form additional trunks.
7—One square mile.
8—Sir Arthur Sullivan.
9—Captain John Ericsson.
10—Trimontaine.
11—Torricelli, an Italian physicist.
12—Those of the victoria regia, which sometimes exceed six feet in diameter.
13—These names are all popularly applied to the same animal.
14—In 46 B. C.
15—Argentina and Uruguay.
16—Off the northeast coast of North Island, New Zealand.
17—People used to pare the edges, especially of gold coins, and sell the metal. Milling prevents this.
18—Matthew vii. 6.
19—Shield bearer.
20—Seven thousand and eighty-three.

Vox

Sons-in-Law—Kissed or Unkissed?

ERIE, PA.—Real damage will result to those foolish enough to follow the lead of such writers as Jennifer Lee, author of your article, " I Want a Much Kissed Son-in-Law."

Jennifer invites you to throw away your only possession of value—a sound mind and body—via the route of sex experimentation!


HEH. PUT ON THE BRAKES!

Don't let her, or any other, kid you into believing it is safe or wise to let the priceless machine which is called by your name run by desire alone, when even automobile manufacturers put steering wheels and brakes on their products so they won't get smashed up first time out.—*A Boy of the '80s.*

TAMPA, FLA.—Three rousing cheers for Jennifer Lee, and for her article, " I Want a Much Kissed Son-in-Law "! She had the old viscera to come out and shout what all intelligent mothers are thinking.—" *Niki* " *Brannigan.*

CORONADO, CALIF.—I have just finished reading Mrs. Jennifer Lee's article, "I Want a Much Kissed Son-in-Law." Heaven deliver me from such a mother or from a wife who has such ideas!

Mrs. Lee evidently believes the road to marital happiness is a series of indiscriminate love affairs and unleashed passions.

Really, I pity the woman and her daughter also.

I am a Marine and in a position to understand the results of yielding to what she calls healthy, natural impulses. I've seen too many young lives ruined by such yielding.

Ralph D. Bent

If Mrs. Lee could know of the families broken up by living as she advocates, perhaps she would change her views.

I would like the public to understand that there are still young people who are not yet ready to see their nation degenerate to the level of animals, and who know that living a clean life does not mean that one is ignorant of the facts of sex and life.

Because a young man has will power to control his impulses does not mean that he is a freak.—*Ralph D. Bent.*

DAYTON, OHIO—Nothing has been quite so frankly written, so inevitably true, as Mrs. Lee's article. Congratulations!—*Q. T. Grimes.*

HATO DE GUANE, CUBA—Here's a joke, or a tragedy, depending on how you look at it. What do you suppose our cat brought in last night? She thought it was a dead fish. Why, a copy of Liberty of September 10!

We opened it up, and found what had tempted the cat: Jennifer Lee's article, "I Want a Much Kissed Son-in-Law."

Now, the question is: How did the cat know?—*Paulina Cardwell.*

Paulina Cardwell

CHICO, CALIF.—Hooray for Jennifer Lee! She deserves a medal for her frank and courageous article, and Liberty deserves another for publishing it.

It was like a breath of fresh air to come upon one able writer who briefly and convincingly clinches her argument: that, since experience is commendable in all human undertakings, the most important and fundamental one should receive even more consideration than the less important ones to make it a success.—*Micky V.*

DETROIT, MICH.—Who the h—— let Jennifer Lee in? I'm surely glad I'm not her daughter, and that she's not picking out a much kissed, much loved husband for me . . . *'cause I don't want him!* I'll take mine decent.

Mrs. Lee certainly has an imagination, especially in that part about that couple sitting on the floor of their bedroom, on the first night of their honeymoon, clinging to one another and crying, " because they loved each other so and didn't know quite what to do about it."

Ye gods! Did anyone tell Adam?—*A Very Indignant Reader.*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—It is my opinion that Jennifer Lee has her story twisted. What she means is that women with sex experience should marry men with sex experience.

Two of a kind. Birds of a feather.—*John Cascione.*

Yeah? So What?

STOCKDALE, TEX.—I read Liberty every week. Can't do without it because I like to see how much rottener the next issue is than the last.—*H. H. M.*

Taxes—and Hope

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I might have known that the man who has broken with many superstitions, such as the medical superstition, would some day break with the superstition which holds that constantly recurring panics, each one bringing us nearer to the Chinese standard of living, are inevitable.

Liberty's editorial, " Taxes—And How We Hate Them! " was the most hopeful thing that has happened in many a day. —*E. M. Scofield.*

Oh, Our Specialty Is Answering Prayers

FORT WORTH, TEX.—When a feller takes up his weekly recreation in the form of Liberty, listlessly turns the pages, hoping for a good one but fearing the usual bunk, and then finds a wonderful piece of fiction— Boy! Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?

Of course I refer to Edward Hope's masterpiece, " Ten Francs a Dance." That, dear old editor, is the story I've longed for—prayed for—and my prayers have been answered at last.—*Jeanne Brown.*

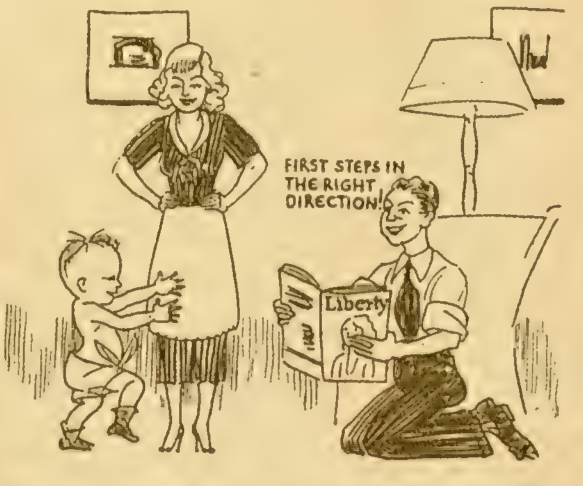
It Was Named for the Sort of Liberty You Took When You Wrote This

SANTO, TEX.—Before I began reading it, I often wondered whether Liberty was named after Liberty the statue or Liberty the bell. Now I know it was named after the bell. Because the bell, you see, is quite badly cracked, too.—*Jack.*

Attaboy, Bobby! Aim Straight and Don't Skid

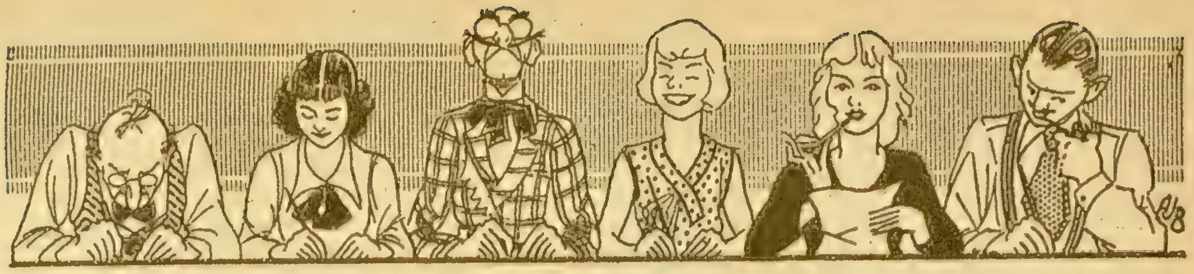
HUNTINGTON PARK, CALIF.—I have read letters from many people telling the wonderful things Liberty has done, but here is a new one.

It helped my thirteen-month-old son to walk. I suppose Leslie Thrasher should really get the credit, because it was one of his beautiful covers that did the trick. Bobby liked the colors so well he just dashed for it with his first steps.


FIRST STEPS IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION!
Liberty

From now on the Price family is a devoted Liberty buyer and reader.—*Mary Price.*

Pop

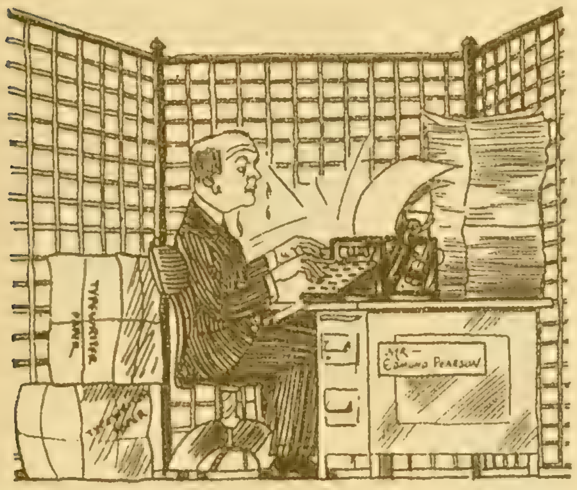


How We Feed the Navy

SEATTLE, WASH.—I have never written to Vox Pop before, and I don't suppose this attempt will be published, but after reading Edmund Pearson's first two articles in his series, "Strange Clues," I just couldn't help Vox Popping.

They were d—— good. In fact, they were the first articles worth reading I've seen in your mag since Heck was a pup.

I had just decided to quit investing my weekly nickel in Liberty when I saw those grand features. As long as you keep publishing them I'll keep buying your rotten magazine.



I ask you, do you want to hold on to a good customer? Then give the author of "Strange Clues" a permanent job on your staff.

Put him in a cage, give him a typewriter and enough paper to sink the navy—and just watch me eat up the result!—*Jack Richards, U. S. N.*

Drop in and See Us When You Get Back

HONGKONG, CHINA—Dear Gentle Man, I am very sad. One month before I have already leave your country because I must go to house of my honourable father. Tomorrow I go Canton more far.

Before I have red Liberty but my father he want me must only red Chinese so my saddness.

By and by sometime maybe I come back your good country and can buy Liberty which I am very happy to do.

Good luck and long life.—*Li Chang Jim.*

Mr. Viereck Corrects Himself

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In my article on Hitler, published in Liberty, I stated that Hitler was born in German Moravia, which was then part of Austria. It seems that this was an error.

Hitler's spokesman, Ernest Hanfstaengl, informs me that Hitler was born in Braunau on the River Inn, near the Bavarian border in Austria.

This is of some importance because, whereas in Moravia the German and the Bohemian elements commingle, the province in which Hitler saw the light of day is purely and entirely German.

Except in the technical sense, the leader of the National Socialists was always a German.—*George Sylvester Viereck.*

Praise for a Princess

PASCO, WASH.—My new fall *chapeau* is off to Princess Alexandra Kropotkin!

Her snappy, up-to-the-minute page is my chief interest in Liberty. She is both witty and natural. Long may she write!—*Dorothy Morisse.*

Votes, Women, and War

LEWISTOWN, MONT.—Every intelligent woman must have taken exception to Jay Franklin's article, "Have Women Made a Mess of Politics? Absolutely!" He said, "Votes for women in the United States after the World War have been as great a failure as votes for Negroes after the Civil War."

Jennie McGivern

The Negroes had been slaves, and that is what the women of today are—slaves of the men.

Through the untiring efforts of Miss Jeannette Rankin and her co-workers, the men here in Montana gave the vote to women in 1914, but we soon learned that they did not want women in office. All they wanted of the women was their votes for the men.

The women of this state elected Miss Rankin to Congress, and all mothers were proud of her because she voted against war.

If there had been more women like Miss Rankin in Congress there would have been no war.—*Jennie McGivern.*

"This Back-to-the-Soil Propaganda"—

INDEPENDENCE, KAN.—The most foolish thing an unemployed city man can do is to allow himself to be swept off his feet by this back-to-the-soil propaganda, unless he has some experience and some capital.

Even if he possesses these two important requisites, the odds are greatly against his success, as hundreds of men have found out to their sorrow.

The country is full of bankrupt farmers—men who are experienced in the game and have possessed capital. Does it stand to reason that if farming were such a sure thing nine out of ten farmers would be broke today?—*J. W. Traer.*

—and the Forgotten Man

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Three cheers for Governor Roosevelt and his program for sending families back to the land! I admired the Governor before reading Louis Howe's article, "The Fight for the Forgotten Man." But I admired him even more after reading it.

While many communities are talking, Roosevelt is *acting.* One of the wisest things about his plan is the fact that only families with actual farming experience are being returned to the soil.—*F. Rutherford.*

As Long as You Leave Him His Cheek He'll Be All Right

RED BANK, N. J.—One of your contributors says, "Heaven preserve us from the Vox Pop page."

I agree with him.

For years I have felt that your Vox Pop editor is badly in need of two operations: a facial one removing the sneer from his possibly humanlike face, and an oral one that would permanently remove his tongue from his cheek.—*C. Valdemar Gandrup.*

A Hat Is Off!

SHERIDAN, WYO.—I quit removing my hat to women some years ago, but to Mrs. Charles H. Sabin I remove my hat, and for good measure would render her a graceful bow if that were possible for me.

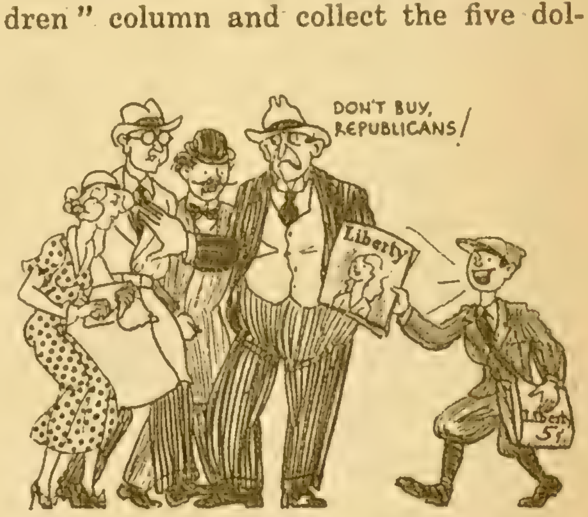
Her article, "Why American Mothers Demand Repeal," is, to my notion, the best yet appearing in print.

If only some of the paid drys had sense enough to hold other jobs, it might be possible to put liquor under Federal tax and control.—*Lynn Boggs.*

They Begin Racketeering Young These Days

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Now if I was a smart person and wanted a little easy money I'd rig up a story and have my little nephew playing the leading rôle of this incident.

Then I'd do like all the other contributors to the "Bright Sayings of Children" column and collect the five dollars. Instead, I'm telling the truth and sending the result to Vox Pop.



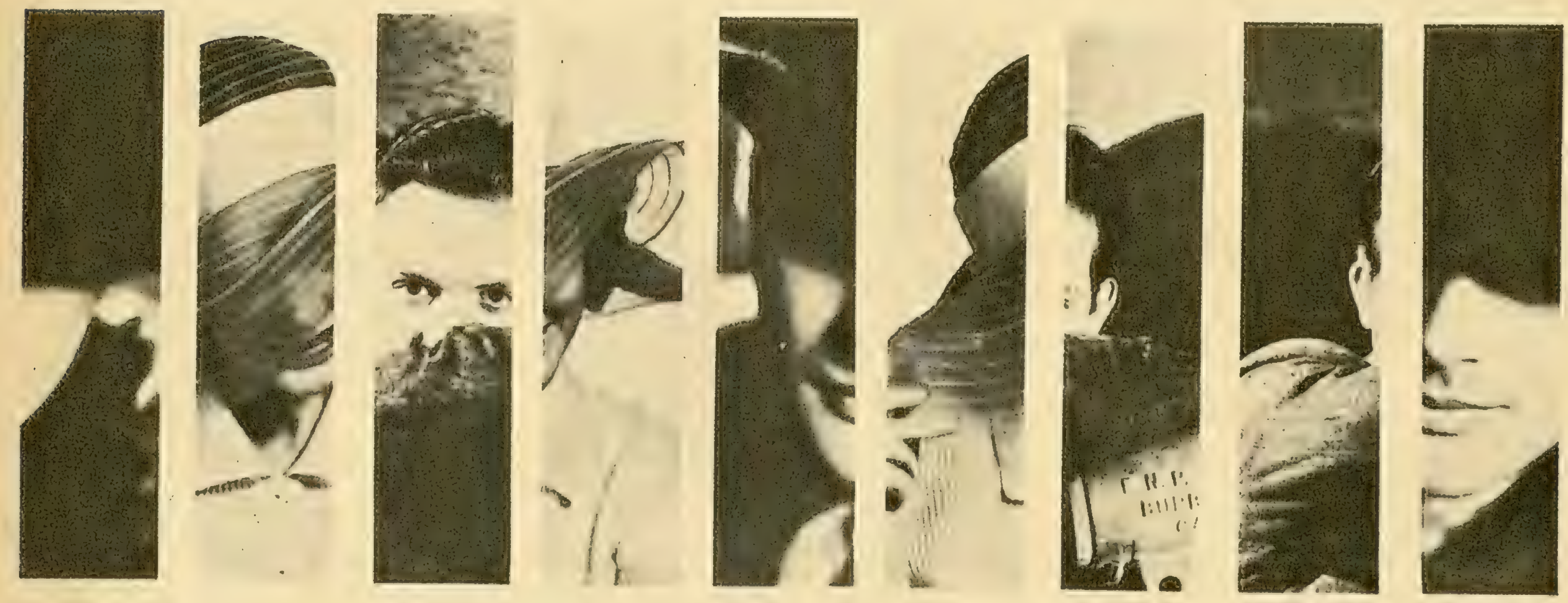
Anyway, while walking around town the other day I spied a crowd clustered about a small boy. Wondering what the bustle was about, I approached nearer and heard the lad shouting, "Buy a Liberty from me or all my relations will vote for Hoover!"

And believe you me, that boy was selling magazines.—*Gene Byrnes.*

FINAL HEAT!

CASH $2,500 PRIZE MOVIE MYSTERY CONTEST

Are You Going to Win?



THIS IS PUZZLE NO. 10

THIS is the big week—the week all of you Movie Mystery solvers go into the final heat of the $2,500 cash prize puzzle race. When you top the final hurdle by solving Puzzle No. 10, above, and identify each of the three resulting pictures, your contest set of thirty identifications will be complete. Right now you are almost within sight of the prize money. And the track to the finish line is clear.

However, let us again caution you to make sure you are complying with all of the rules. In fairness to all competitors, no exceptions from the regulations will be permitted under any circumstances. A fair field and no favors.

Have you considered Rule 2? Have you picked the person among the thirty identified in the contest from whom you would like to receive a message? Have you formulated the message you would most like to receive? Does it stay within the fifty words permitted?

Make a note of the closing date—Rule 7. Be sure that your entry is correctly addressed and that it is mailed in plenty of time to get under the wire. Entries received later than October 21 will not be considered.

Save your money! Don't invest in ornate mountings for your puzzle solutions. Rule 6 means what it says. Decoration doesn't mean a thing.

The task of checking, reading, and rating the entries will be undertaken immediately the deadline is reached. The work will be carried forward with the greatest speed compatible with careful, impartial, accurate judging. No forecast can be offered at this time of the issue of Liberty which will carry the announcement of the contest results and the prize awards. However, every effort will be made to publish the big news at the earliest possible moment. Watch for it!

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish the scrambled portraits of three well known movie players—thirty portraits in all—each posed so that some of the features are obscured. However, when the strips are cut apart and assembled correctly, definitely identifiable portraits will result.
2. Cash prizes, listed in the schedule on this page, will be paid for the 254 most accurately identified sets of thirty assembled portraits accompanied by a message of not more than fifty words that you would most like to receive by telegraph or cable from one of the players identified in your entry.
3. The most accurately identified set accompanied by the best message will be awarded the first prize, etc. Messages will be judged on the basis of originality, plausibility, and neatness.
4. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
5. Do not send in less than a complete set of portraits. Hold all your identifications until you have the complete set of thirty. Print or write your name plainly on the first sheet of your entry. Then mail them together with your message to MOVIE MYSTERY EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
6. Do not submit ornately decorated entries. This is needless expense. A plain entry, if correct, will have just as much weight as a fancy one.
7. All entries must be received not later than Friday, October 21, the closing date of this contest.
8. The contest board of Liberty will be the judges, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize	$500
Second Prize	250
Third Prize	100
Two Prizes, each $50	100
Four Prizes, each $25	100
Forty-five Prizes, each $10	450
200 Prizes, each $5	1,000
254 Prizes—Total	$2,500

NEXT WEEK A NEW CONTEST FOR BIG CASH PRIZES, OPEN TO YOUNG AND OLD. COME ONE, COME ALL!

Crown of Victory

A Short Short Story

By EDWARD L. McKENNA and GEORGES SURDEZ

(Reading time: 5 minutes 20 seconds.)

IN 1908, or maybe it was 1909, Peter Donovan fought for the welterweight title at the Arena in Boston. Some say he won it. The referee didn't. As for Peter Donovan, he said only that the fight had been too short. The champion gave him his chance again in Goldfield, or Reno, or Carson City, and knocked him out in the twenty-seventh round. Everybody agrees that this second fight didn't do him any good; he was never quite the same afterward. Nevertheless he kept right on, trying them all, and winning sometimes. He barred nobody—welters, middleweights, light-heavies, black or white. The record books are studded with his name. Jack Britton, Jim Clancy, Kid Lewis, Stanley Ketchel, Sailor Burke, Battling Nelson, Billy Miske, Soldier Bartfield, and perhaps two hundred more all had a crack at Peter Donovan.

He wasn't clever. He couldn't box; almost anybody could outpoint him. Rugged and strong and brave and stupid, he'd wade in clumsily and with a good heart, and he'd make the best of them back up when he was in his prime. Nobody ever knocked him out in six rounds, and very few in ten. His record in the ring was clean; he is never known to have quit to anyone, though he carried a few men along, so they say, when he could have knocked them kicking.

He gambled and he drank and he had too many friends. He had to fight a lot, because of his improvidence. It wasn't good for him. Time went on, and he slipped down the ladder. From final bouts in the small clubs, to semifinals, to third preliminaries, such was his bitter progress. It was whispered that Peter Donovan was punch-drunk, that he was walking on his heels. Probably enough that was so. He wasn't a bright fellow, even in his fast days.

Bouts were harder and harder to get, and harder still to win. He'd drop around to the newspaper offices and ask the sporting editors for a little publicity, a line or two, to help him to get another fight. He'd go to see the promoters; sometimes they'd give him a few dollars, and sometimes they wouldn't let him in at all. Jack McGuigan gave him a benefit, and so did Jimmy Coffroth. But Coffroth went out to the coast, and McGuigan died, and Bat Masterson died, and Harry Beecher died, and things were pretty bad for Peter Donovan.

He did whatever he could. He got occasional work as a handler or a second in some preliminary boy's corner; he was a sparring partner for anybody who'd give him a few meals; he was a rubber in a Turkish bath. He'd do any sort of job, but his appearance was against him. He had every mark of the game: puffy eyes, swollen ears, a smashed nose, crippled hands, and a head that wasn't too clear or steady.

So, at last, Peter Donovan was begging. He wasn't a good beggar, then or ever, but every man in his time must do some things he cannot do well.

He rang a basement bell, and stood there waiting, stolid and ashamed. He was hungry.

A young boy came to the door; he might have been nine or ten years old. Peter Donovan tried to smile at him. "Could you give me something to eat, sonny?" he said.

But the little boy shrank back and peered out at him from behind the grating of the iron door. He whistled. "Pete—Pete," he called, and a dog came padding forward, a beautiful big dog.

Peter Donovan turned to go, but the little boy was not setting the dog upon him. He stood there, his hand on the dog's collar. "What do you want?" he said.

"Is your dog's name Pete? My name's Pete, too," said Donovan. "Nice dog, ain't he?"

"He's the best dog in the world," said the boy. "Ain't you, Peter Donovan?"

The Peter Donovan outside the door stood stock-still. "What's that?" he said.

"Peter Donovan, that's my dog. I named him after the prize fighter, Peter Donovan."

"Oh! Yeah. The prize fighter. How did you—how did you come to call him that?"

"My pop told me about him. My pop always tells me stories at night. He tells me about Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson and Leonidas and Sir Philip Sidney. And he tells me about the war, and the fighters, Tom Sharkey and Fitzsimmons and Peter Maher and Peter Donovan. But I like Peter Donovan the best."

"Yeah?"

"My pop says Peter Donovan was the best. He says Peter Donovan never took a backward step. He says nobody could ever make him quit. I guess he could lick Schmeling and Sharkey and everybody. I guess he must be dead now. All the best fighters are dead, ain't they? That's what my pop says."

"No," said Peter Donovan. "No. He ain't dead."

He took a breath. Nobody knows what may have been going on in his confused mind. Punch-drunk, they say he was.

"He ain't dead. He's—he's out on the coast. He made a killing out in Tia Juana. Coffroth, Jimmy Coffroth, the big race-track man, put him on to a good thing, see? He's got all kinds of money, and a big house, all full of horses and dogs. He's making moving pictures, too. Thousands and thousands of dollars he's making. All his friends come in to see him. All the big fighters come in to see him, before a fight, and ask him stuff—Schmeling and Sharkey and Tunney and everybody. He always tells them the same thing. 'Never back up,' he says. 'Let him do the worrying, not you,' he says."

"Gee!" said the little boy. "Do you know him?"

"Sure I know him—since he was the champion."

"Was he the champion, mister?"

"He was. He was the champion of the world. They robbed him of it up in the Arena in Boston. You ask your pop. He'd know. Well. Well, I'll be getting along."

"If my pop or my mom was here, they'd give you something, mister. Won't you wait till my mom gets back?"

"No. No, thanks. Don't worry. I'll— I just stopped for a minute. That's a fine dog you got. If I get out to the coast and happen to see Peter Donovan, I'll tell him you were asking for him."

He nodded and waved his hand and went shambling up the street. He wouldn't stop at the next house. He'd try another street, so the little boy shouldn't see him.

Liberty offers $100 to $500 for Short Short Stories of not over 2,000 words. Inclose stamped and self-addressed envelope.

About the Murder *of the* CIRCUS QUEEN

Digging Facts Out of Flandrin—A Doctor's Report on a Crime—The Baffling Mud Image—King Keblia Gets Away—The Pointing Finger of Suspicion

By ANTHONY ABBOT

(Reading time: 31 minutes 25 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt's amazing work on a profound mystery. Colt went to Madison Square Garden in response to an appeal by Colonel Tod Robinson. Robinson was the owner of a circus about to open there. His stars had received letters threatening death in case they put on their best stunts. Colt witnessed the opening, saw Josie La Tour perform on the rings, saw her inexplicably fall to her death. He was convinced of foul play, ordered a post-mortem, and asked Dr. Multooler, Assistant Medical Examiner, to have Josie's spangled costume, strangely tarnished, analyzed.

PART FOUR—TANGLED THREADS

DR. MULTOOLER'S gaze was deeply puzzled as he looked from the Commissioner to the body on the couch. But he made no comment. Three seconds later a variety of weird activities started in the jade-green dressing room. The body of Josie La Tour lay denuded, the clothing stripped from her, bundled for the chemical laboratory, and sent on its way.

From the great toe of La Tour's right foot dangled an identification card known in the Department as U. F. No. 95. The card contained a summary of the known facts of her death; the great La Tour's body would not be mislaid among a hundred other cadavers at the Bellevue Morgue. Sergeant Wickes had filled out the card and tied it to her toe, and now he was inking the lifeless fingers and thumbs for the fingerprint records, while Merkle was preparing to take flashlight photographs.

These activities set in motion, Colt asked me rather impatiently what had become of Colonel Robinson—and Keblia.

"Nobody has seen either of them," I reported. "I have two police officers hunting for them."

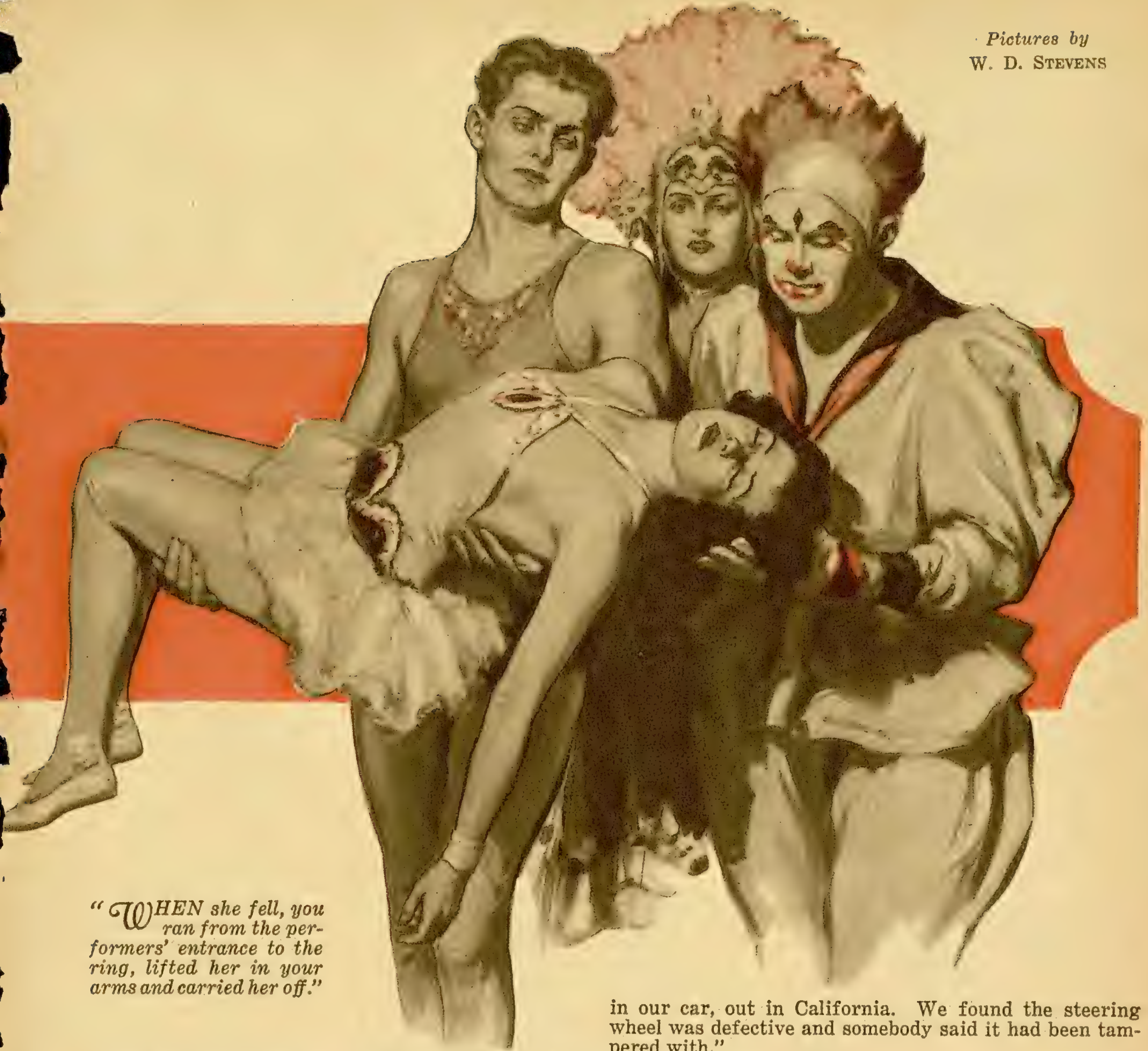
For a moment Colt looked perplexed, then seemed to shake off some unworthy suspicion. Turning back to Flynn, he said: "There is a famous clown dog in the show. Get the owner. I want an explanation of how it was the dog escaped and got back in the ring, barking distractedly, just a few seconds before she fell. Meanwhile, I am going to let you men work in here while I commandeer a dressing room and talk to Flandrin."

Inspector Flynn's rugged face flushed slightly.

"Flandrin? That's the deceased's husband?"

"Correct. Do you know him?"

"No. But I picked up something on the way in here. One of my men slipped me the tip that Flandrin's first wife—divorced, get it, and hated the deceased—well, the first wife was out in front tonight."



Pictures by
W. D. STEVENS

"WHEN she fell, you ran from the performers' entrance to the ring, lifted her in your arms and carried her off."

"Better get that woman too!" advised Dougherty, and Flynn said he would have a search made for her.

"Meanwhile," said Thatcher Colt, "we can find a room and question Flandrin."

Two minutes later we were in a bare room with concrete walls, the sort of room used by minor pugilists dressing for a Garden bout. With a kitchen table between us, we gathered together: Dougherty, Colt, and I.

Dressed in natty street clothing, Flandrin the acrobat sat on the other side of the table, arms folded, ready to be examined. His dazed manner had passed off; he was calm and polite.

Colt began with the same question he had asked the others: "Flandrin, can you shoot?"

"I am an expert pistol shot."

"And how old are you, Flandrin?"

"Twenty-six—oh, well—I am really thirty-two. You see, an artist must seem young to his public."

"And I understand you have been married to Josie La Tour about two years. During that two years have you ever known La Tour to be in danger from any enemy?"

Flandrin gave a weary shake of his head.

"No, no! She risked her life at every performance—but no one tried to injure her."

"You are sure of that?"

Flandrin frowned. "When you ask me like that I am really not so sure. Last January we nearly cracked up in our car, out in California. We found the steering wheel was defective and somebody said it had been tampered with."

"Who suggested that?"

"Well, nobody of any importance, Mr. Colt."

"But who, please?"

"Keblia—the Ubangis were with a winter circus last January."

"Exactly what did Keblia tell you?"

"He said a demon or an enemy was after us, and he warned us to be very careful—and I remember he said there was no such thing as a natural death."

"But you did not take the suggestion seriously?"

"No, no—I thought it was nonsense; and I still think so."

OF all this testimony I was making a complete stenographic record. Long ago I had learned to carry two India-paper notebooks wherever I went with Thatcher Colt. Of course my duties as confidential secretary to the Police Commissioner were in no sense calligraphic; but in emergency and in specially confidential matters I often took down the record. Tonight I sat at the kitchen table with notebook and pencil, and it is from those notes made at that time I am able to give here an exact reproduction of that examination.

Next Thatcher Colt asked Flandrin for a brief account of himself. The name Flandrin suggested a French origin, but we now learned that it was only a part of the usual circus hocus-pocus. Actually Flandrin was a German named Heisse. Early in life he ran off on a ship and sailed around the world. It was on this trip, from an old circus man turned sailor, that Flandrin learned his first tricks, performed on cringles and crosstrees. But the Heisse family had reclaimed the runaway, taking him back to Germany, where he eventually was graduated from Heidelberg. There he married, and remained for two years of postgraduate work, during which he met Josie La Tour.

It was La Tour who lured him from the laboratory to the circus, and she gave him his French-sounding name. For her new inamorato she obtained a small place with a family of European acrobats. At her urging, he studied and practiced to make himself a star performer. Under the spell of her love Flandrin completely forsook science for the show world. His strength, his youth, his scientifically trained mind, all worked in his favor. Soon he formed his own team, giving to his partners variants of his own new name. Thus Flandreau and Flandra were merely employees whose real name was Osterman. Divorces having been procured, La Tour and Flandrin became man and wife. From that moment on his fortunes began to rise.

Flandrin told his biography simply and humbly, but with eyes that constantly wandered, wishing him well free of his inquisition. The trapezist kept looking over his shoulder, as if his eyes might pierce the walls of steel and masonry and look into that next room where the Assistant Medical Examiner, in his shirt sleeves, still busied himself upon the naked body of the fallen star.

"Now, Flandrin," resumed Colt, "about your previous marriage. Who was your first wife?"

The acrobat's lips curled disdainfully.

"She too was a chemical student. She came to this country recently—about a year ago—following my marriage to Josie. Her name—Flora Becker."

"And where does she live now?"

"In a rooming house in West Forty-third Street called the Little Florence."

"Any children?"

"No."

"Are you and Flora on bad terms?"

"No, no. Of course we don't bill and coo. It is better so. I don't admire the modern custom of getting divorced and remaining friends. I think it is bad taste. Flora was angry at Josie, of course. She had an idea Josie stole me away. But that was not so. The fact was that I stole Josie away from her first husband—I am quite proud of that action, too."

COLT bent forward earnestly, his hands flat on the kitchen table, as if he would magnetize it. But his eyes were on Flandrin. "If your second wife were murdered, would you be inclined to think your first wife would be capable of such a deed?"

Flandrin bent his head and his strong fingers played nervously around his iron jaw.

"Impossible," he decided.

"Why do you say so?"

"Flora has a will of her own, of course; she's the deep, quiet kind, and she holds a grudge for a long, long time. But she would not try to kill Josie. She is too religious a person."

"Have you seen her lately?"

Flandrin shook his head. "Not often. I've been playing abroad practically all winter," he revealed. "So I wouldn't have much chance to see her."

"When were you married to Josie?"

"Two years ago, in Bordeaux."

"And where are you staying now in New York?"

"We have an apartment in a brownstone-front house in West Seventy-ninth Street."

"I see. Now, make one point clear to me. When the circus is on the road you have a cook tent in which the meals for the performers are served?"

"Yes."

"Is that system continued while the circus is at the Garden?"

"No, no! There's a building for the help—the roustabouts and the razorbacks, mechanics and people like that—up on Fiftieth Street, between Eighth and Ninth Avenues. But while we are in New York the artists eat wherever they please and pay for it themselves."

"And where did you and Josie eat your dinner tonight?"

"We did not eat together. My ship docked late. I had only a word with La Tour before she died."

"You don't know what she had for dinner?"

"Do you mean—she was poisoned?"

"Perhaps. I can't tell. But the puffiness around the eyes indicates some profound chemical action in the body. What did she have to eat?" repeated Colt.

Flandrin ran a great hand wearily through his bushy locks. "Isabel can tell you," he choked.

Again I recalled the maid, who said:

"We had shrimp cocktail, mushroom soup, roast veal stuffed, with canned ears of corn, Idaho baked potatoes, beets and broccoli, endives for the salad, strawberry shortcake, and coffee. It was Miss Josie's favorite menu."

AT a signal from Colt I led the maid from the room and gave a memorandum of La Tour's last menu to Dr. Multooler. The Assistant Medical Examiner thanked me with an owlish glance. When I returned to our inquisition chamber, I found that Colt was drawing from Flandrin certain facts about the past of Josie La Tour.

"My wife was born in Budapest. She was brought over here when she was a little girl, with the Waring troupe. Her mother was a performer in that troupe. Her grandmother and her great-grandmother were both performers. She used to tell me that for as long as she could remember she had the ambition to thrill the whole world with difficult gymnastics. And she succeeded, gentlemen. You may see her trophies in our apartment. There wasn't a man anywhere who could duplicate my wife's work.

"La Tour was just perfect. Not only a perfect performer, but perfect in every way. She could talk six languages. Did you notice how, when she came into the ring tonight, she danced while she ran? You never saw any other circus woman dance just like that, did you? La Tour studied ballet dancing in St. Petersburg. She played the piano, too—the grand piano she carried around with her on tour. La Tour had that piano finished in jade green just to match the hangings in her dressing tent. That was always La Tour—had to have things just the way she wanted."

"What was her real name?"

"I suppose you would have to know that, too. Well, it was Zegum—Theresa Zegum. Of course she's been known as Josie La Tour since childhood. She has a brother, Edward Zegum, who is a mathematics teacher in the public school in Middle Village, Massachusetts."

Colt reached for a fresh cigarette. "What was the name of her former husband?" he inquired suddenly.

Flandrin shrugged lightly. "La Tour's first husband," he explained in an offhand voice, "was of no account. His name was Raphaelo, and he really was an Italian—a good acrobat once upon a time, but old-fashioned. The trouble with him was he was such a jealous beast. But he is dead—more than a year now. In his own way," went on Flandrin, speaking judicially, "I think Raphaelo adored La Tour. Drink cost him his wife and his job—finally his life. He fell from a high perch—dizzy spell."

There was a moment of reflective silence. Then Thatcher Colt leaned forward, looking Flandrin straight in the eyes. "And what," asked the Commissioner, "about Marburg Lovell?"

The effect of that question was out of proportion to all the others. It seemed to ignite some kind of powder train in the head of the unhappy acrobat. With a muffled cry, he leaped up from the table, face white, eyes haunted. "Marburg Lovell! Well—what about him? Who cares anything about him?"

It was Colt's turn to shrug. "You know he had been

"MADAME La Tour always watched from the wings."

sending your wife flowers. You know that he admired her. You know that he wrote her letters. What about that, Flandrin?"

Flandrin shook his head from side to side as if to clear his mind of some poisonous miasma.

"Marburg Lovell was nothing in our lives," he said. "People talk too much, that is all. Lovell is Robinson's backer—but he is a dirty old man!"

A knock came to the door, but Colt stayed me with a warning hand. "Just a minute before you answer that, Tony. It was a fact, was it not, Flandrin, that Mme. La Tour always watched your act from the wings?"

"And I always watched hers."

"Did you watch tonight?"

"Certainly."

"Keep your eyes on her all the time?"

"Practically—yes."

"What do you mean—practically? Do you remember looking away at any particular time?"

"Yes—when the dog barked."

"I see. And then, when she fell, you ran from the performers' entrance to the ring, lifted her in your arms and carried her off—through the corridor under the front seats, up the steps, and into her dressing room. That's right, isn't it?"

"To the last detail; but—"

"Did your wife, at any time that she was in your arms, regain consciousness?"

"No, no!"

"Said nothing at all?"

"Nothing."

"Did she open her eyes?"

"Never. It is my belief that she died when she struck the ground."

Again came that knocking, and this time Colt signaled to me to open the door. Dr. Multooler stepped briskly into the room and said: "I can give you a preliminary statement right now, if we can be alone for a minute."

Colt's somber gaze darkened. "This is the lady's husband," the Commissioner explained. "He is entitled to know the facts. Speak out, doctor."

"YOU were right, Mr. Colt. Not a doubt of it, sir."

"How do you know?"

"There are definite symptoms of chemical action in the preliminary examination."

"Know what was used?"

"Only the complete autopsy will show that. The indications, such as they are, puzzle me deeply."

"It could not have been—cyanide of potassium?" asked Dougherty.

The physician opened his owlish eyes in astonishment. "Impossible!"

"Isn't it true that the action of cyanide of potassium is practically instantaneous?"

"Absolutely. But how could Josie La Tour get a dose of cyanide of potassium while she was throwing her body over her shoulder fifty feet in the air? Unless you assume suicide?"

"My wife did not take her own life," Flandrin protested. "She loved life!"

"It is possible," argued Dr. Multooler, "that she tired of her life. Many people do, you know. If she had a vial or a packet—"

Colt shook his head vigorously. "Suicide is too fantastic to believe! You see, doctor, I happen to have learned from Robinson that just before she left the dressing room Josie La Tour sent out a messenger boy for sandwiches. She did not expect to die—she meant to eat. It is most unlikely that a woman contemplating suicide would have stipulated rye bread for herself and no mayonnaise, as distinguished from white bread for Flandrin and mayonnaise."

"All that sounds reasonable," sighed Dougherty. "But, admitting that, where does it get you? She couldn't have swallowed poison by accident in the middle of her act."

Colt turned to Flandrin. "Would you mind leaving here now—and going to your apartment in West Seventy-ninth Street? I shall join you there in less than an hour."

Flandrin's pale face had blanched a shade whiter.

"Can I take her body?" he asked huskily.

"Not yet."

Haplessly Flandrin strode away. A moment later I slipped from the room, at a word from Colt, and sought out Inspector Flynn. When Flandrin left Madison Square Garden, he would be tailed by a detective of the Homicide Squad.

Colt and Multooler were talking together when I got back in the room.

"You're sending the body down to Bellevue, doctor?"

"It's gone now—I'm about to follow it. I'll do my best to find what you need."

Colt shook hands with the Assistant Medical Examiner. The two men looked at each other eye to eye and both understood. Multooler, shrewd veteran of forensic surgery, buttoned his spring overcoat and waddled off upon his grisly errand, to the autopsy room of the Bellevue Morgue.

"Well, Thatcher," began the District Attorney, "it looks to me like there's a hell of a lot that bird Flandrin will have to explain."

"For once, Dougherty," Colt sighed, "I'm inclined to agree with you. Flandrin's behavior was slightly suspicious. The thing that impressed me most was that he failed to speak of his wife's notorious temper. It was common knowledge that her husband suffered from it. In any event, a crime as clever as this could only have been accomplished by someone intimately familiar with the show-life routine. No one could have done it who did not live in this atmosphere, or who had not carefully studied it at first hand."

The telephone bell rang. Colt answered it himself. He listened intently for a few moments, snapped, "Bring him right back here," and hung up.

"It was the Forty-seventh Street station calling," he said. "They found a peculiar object on Stevens—didn't know just what it was. He told the lieutenant he had discovered it over the door of La Tour's dressing room shortly after she'd whipped the Ubangis out of the room. Stevens said he'd seen Isabel Chant standing on a chair, staring at the thing, and had pulled it down. We'd better get her back here, too. Send a man after her."

FIVE minutes later there came a loud knocking, and the door was thrown suddenly open by a patrolman, alongside of whom stood Eddie Stevens, the gray-faced little property man, and Isabel Chant. All three were plainly excited. The policeman's hands were clasped loosely together as if concealing between palm and fingers some object about the size of an apple.

"Come in," ordered Colt.

As the trio advanced into the room Stevens suddenly turned on Isabel and said, "You put that over the door!"

"Don't believe him, Mr. Colt," the maid said between her teeth. "It's those black devils."

Colt's eyes narrowed. "The Ubangis?"

"If anybody did anything to poor La Tour, they did! And Flandrin was always palling around with them—said he was interested in their poisons. Those savages pretended to love her—but I believe they hated her. You see, Mr. Colt, we all loved Miss Josie, but she was a great artist. She was like Mary Garden—Tetrazzini—Jeritza—temperamental—"

"You mean," inserted District Attorney Dougherty, "that she had a temper."

"She didn't like the Ubangis," went on Isabel. "The sight of their protruding lips offended her. She felt that Mr. Robinson made a mistake in bringing them over here—that they belonged to another era of the circus—that the public had gone beyond all that. At first, whenever the Ubangis would come near her, she would put up her hands to her ears and shut her eyes. But she was kind to them, especially Keblia—she thought him amusing in his loud clothes. The Ubangis looked up to Josie La Tour like a goddess. Until tonight—"

"She whipped two of them. I know about that. Go on!" said Colt.

"But she had whipped them before!" cried Isabel. "Even Keblia. He made a remark to her and it made her furiously angry."

"What did he say?" Dougherty wanted to know.

"I don't know. Whatever it was, Miss Josie resented it as an impertinence. She whipped Keblia until he screamed. Of course, they made it up afterward. But I've heard strange stories—stories about the magic of Africa. Those aborigines have strange ways, Mr. Colt—ways that we white people do not understand."

She stopped here, and Colt said to the policeman, "Let me see what you've found."

The patrolman's hands were still held out in front of him, cupping the mysterious object.

He lifted his right hand, and thrust forward the left where something curiously shaped lay in the deep hollow of his palm. Colt stared at it in astonishment. I heard him utter the word:

"*Juju!*"

THE object in the patrolman's hand was a tiny image made of mud—a jungle eidolon. Crude, awkwardly shaped as it was, the little figure nevertheless bore a definite and forceful resemblance to Josie La Tour. There was in this tiny piece of earthen sculpture the same proportion of hip and shoulder, the same gallant set of La Tour's head, and, for all its ineptitude, some inscrutable reflection of her vitality, strength, and grace.

The thing was weird, but weirder still was the small gleaming object that pierced it—a long sharp needle driven straight through the place where the heart would be.

"Where did you find this?" asked Colt, with a lustrous glance toward Eddie.

"I found it hanging by a string tied to a small nail driven above the door of Josie La Tour's dressing room," he replied. "And Isabel was looking at it."

A deep silence followed Eddie Stevens' statement. Finally Thatcher Colt reached out and took from the policeman's calloused palm that miniature image of the dead performer. "That is a very strange thing," he remarked. "So that's why the Ubangi women were hiding in La Tour's dressing room tonight. I wonder—"

"We all know what it is," interposed Dougherty, his popping eyes following the object at Colt's finger tips as if the District Attorney expected the tiny doll to come to life. "It looks very suspicious to me, Thatcher. In the first place, La Tour horsewhipped a witch doctor of the Ubangis. That was bad."

Thatcher Colt nodded solemnly. "Any reader of African adventure stories will realize that," he conceded.

"Never mind the irony," growled Dougherty. "What I said is still true. She lashed the bare backs of two savages, and once before she whipped the witch doctor of the tribe. And the tribe happens to be notorious for their knowledge of poisons—and Josie La Tour may have been poisoned."

Colt lifted the gardenia from the glass of water—a certain signal that he would soon depart. He looked at Dougherty thoughtfully.

"You have made out a case," he agreed, "as far as it goes. But it leaves such a lot to be explained."

"Such as—" challenged Dougherty.

Colt delayed his answer for a moment while he wrapped the mud image in a handkerchief, sent for Sergeant Wickes and instructed him to treat it for fingerprints. Then, having ordered the disconcerted Eddie and Isabel sent to the station, he replied to the District Attorney's question:

"Such as where is Colonel Robinson right now, Dougherty? And where is Keblia? I want more information about that witch doctor. Because I am interested in the circus I happen to know a little—but not enough. For one thing, I know that the big man of the tribe—King Keblia—is an expert shot with a knife. He can throw a two-pronged knife some two hundred yards with accuracy, and according to his manager he has killed three hundred buffalo with it. That may have a direct bearing on the case. But we cannot grasp the entire background of such people, and that is where a large part of our difficulty will lie. I know, too, that these savages come from de Kaybe, in French Equatorial Africa, about fifty miles from Fort Archambault, which is named after a *Légionnaire* who was killed there—and some say by a mysterious poison administered at a distance. That, too, may be significant. That is why I want to question Keblia. If only—"

The door was pushed violently open. Colonel Robinson stalked in, his bronzed face flushed.

"Mr. Colt," he said, "I have looked high and low for King Keblia and he simply cannot be found."

"Keblia is gone?"

"Vanished. I've looked for him all over."

"But I left him in charge of an officer!"

"Yes," chuckled Robinson grimly. "But he's missing, too!"

Before Colt could reply, Inspector Flynn burst into the room. "Mr. Colt!" he cried. "Hell is popping outside. You told Officer Cohallan to guard an African heathen. Well, the officer kept him in a dressing room—until all at once he felt dizzy—an attack of vertigo—and fainted."

"A cop—fainted?" howled Dougherty.

"Sure he did. So did Napoleon once. Cohallan fainted. Dr. Charavay says it's from a poison dart. And his heathen prisoner got away!"

By no outward sign did Thatcher Colt betray his surprise and disappointment. Turning to Robinson, his voice crackled a question: "If he got out of this building, where did he go?"

Colonel Robinson spread wide his hands. "How would I know?"

"Have the Ubangis any connections here in the city—any special place they would be likely to go?"

Tod Robinson's smile was slightly bitter.

"I'll tell you what I think happened," he replied slowly. "Keblia got away from the white police so's he could solve the crime his own way."

Dougherty lumbered forward, snarling: "You don't think that Keblia could have committed the crime himself and beat it?"

Colonel Robinson, biting off a corner of his plug of tobacco, looked away without replying.

"FLYNN," said Thatcher Colt, "send out an alarm for this missing black man at once! Put it on the radio signal system and get it to every police car in New York City. Robinson will give you a description of the missing man. No matter what else you do—get me the Ubangi witch doctor!"

"You'll have him, chief!"

"Incidentally," grated Dougherty, "we had our men looking high and low for you, Colonel Robinson, and we couldn't find you!"

"We must have missed each other, then. I was all over the Garden—looking for Keblia."

Colt stood up and looked at Robinson with a mysterious smile. "I may need you later tonight," he said. "Where can I be sure to find you?"

"Right here in the Garden, in my office. I'll be here all night."

For a few minutes longer the Commissioner and Dougherty talked with Flynn. Colt's orders were to obtain samples of handwriting from all suspects, so that Center Street experts could compare the samples with the death notes. Also Flynn was told to close the dressing room of La Tour, locking the door and sealing the room under police guard until further orders. There are attendants in Madison Square Garden who to this day shun La Tour's dressing room—especially when the crowds are gone and the lights are out and the corridors are dim and phantomesque.

Something for pipe smokers to think about!

ABOUT 1864, farmers began to grow White Burley Tobacco. A few casks were taken to the St. Louis Fair in 1867 and sold for 58c a pound.

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ROUGH CUT
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10c

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"One thing more, Mr. Commissioner," continued Flynn. "I talked to the owner of that clown dog, but I can't do much with him."

"Did you ask him whose voice the dog would follow?"

"I did. And he named about thirty people."

"How does he account for the presence of the dog tonight?"

"He thinks he forgot to lock the gate to the kennel."

"Was that all that was necessary? Unlatch a gate and the dog would find his own way to the ring?"

"Exactly. He's that kind of dog. And as soon as he gets to the ring he starts to bark. It has happened several times before."

"Then anybody could have released the dog and we would have had the same results?"

"So his owner says, Mr. Colt."

"Thanks, Flynn. Now, one thing more—keep plenty of men here at the Garden. I want reports on the comings and goings here for the rest of the night."

"I get it, Mr. Colt."

"And get a man over to the station to question Eddie Stevens."

On this, Colt left Flynn and with Dougherty and me led the way back under the front seats and thence into the arena. Now it was a vast deserted and darkened place. Only a few pale lights gave illumination while the mechanics worked at laying out the rigging and apparatus for the next afternoon show. Three policemen stood stolid guard at the center ring.

Colt stood at the curb, one hand on Dougherty's shoulder. "The sawdust and shavings within this circular curb line are practically in the same condition as when La Tour fell," he said. "No one has been allowed to cross those curb lines since I issued orders. Somewhere in the sawdust and shavings and microscopic débris there may be a clue. So Flynn will have all this stuff carefully gathered up in bags and sent to the laboratory of Professor Luckner for analysis."

"Are you sure you don't know what you're looking for?" Dougherty asked suspiciously.

"I do not," confessed Colt. "But I do remember that shortly before the accident La Tour brought her hands together. I imagine she held some resin bags. If so, we must find them. They may have been doctored with something else."

Without further word, Thatcher Colt led the way toward one of the private exits of Madison Square Garden. Presently we had reached the sidewalk. It was raining again.

Drawn up at the curb, with the plate-faced Neil McMahon watchfully at the wheel, was the Police Commissioner's car—a *de luxe* vehicle for police work, equipped with every device from bullet-proof windowpanes to a concealed machine gun forward and back. But Colt did not immediately enter this car which had already borne us upon so many strange adventures. The Commissioner lingered in the doorway, his eyes staring through the blur of street lamps and falling rain and darkness. Following the direction of his gaze, I saw that he was studying a car parked behind the police one. It was an expensive foreign model of extravagant design, and on the door, in decorative pattern, was the monogram "J. L."—Josie La Tour's automobile!

COLT stalked across the sidewalk and opened the door beside the steering wheel. A tall, massive man in cap and uniform slumped over the wheel. His heavily lined face was very pale, but he smiled comfortably at Thatcher Colt and drawled: "Helloa, Commissioner!"

"You are La Tour's chauffeur?"

"Sure! I've been wondering whether the cops would look me up or not."

"Queer that no one mentioned you," returned Colt. "Why should you expect a visit from the police? And why didn't you drive Flandrin home?"

"Oh, I heard about what's been going on inside there for the last two hours—and everybody says the police suspect foul play. I haven't seen Flandrin."

"And who told you about what the police suspect?"

"Eddie Stevens."

"The mechanic in the Josie La Tour act?"

"You guessed it right, Commissioner."

Colt paused to light a cigarette. Then, speaking over the lighted match, he barked: "Record?"

"Who—me?"

Colt nodded.

"No, sir—not me. Never been arrested—not even a ticket for parking too long."

"Name?"

"John Smith. I know it sounds phony, but it's on the level. After all, there are such people as real John Smiths in the world—no counterfeit without the original, you realize. Well, my name is John Smith."

Colt nodded agreeably. "Why didn't you come back stage when you heard about the accident?"

"I did. And when I told them I was Miss Josie's chauffeur, they told me eighteen other guys had tried the same dodge. There I was—on the level and nobody believing me."

"Wasn't that pitiful!" exclaimed Colt, with a sarcastic glance. "Have you any information to volunteer?"

"Not me. But I'm ready to answer any and all questions."

"Get his name, address, and telephone number, Tony."

AS he gave me these data, John Smith, chauffeur, drew forth a gleaming object from the breast pocket of his coat. It was a golden cigarette case studded with several gems that flashed like a handful of lightning as John Smith calmly lit himself a cigarette.

"She gave me this case," he remarked, passing it proudly to Colt.

"Why?"

"Well, she thought I saved her life once."

To this Colt made no reply. Instead he switched to a direct attack: "Any idea who killed her?"

"Hell, no! As far as I'm concerned, it's just terrible and that's all. You can't drag me into it. I've been sitting here all the time—witnesses and plenty of them will testify to that—"

The voice of the chauffeur had probably been harsh in the cradle. Now, in his excitement, the full-grown man voice was piercing as a rivet.

"Nobody is suggesting that you had anything to do with it," interrupted Dougherty, pushing forward. "What Mr. Colt wants to know is whether you have any information or theory that might be valuable to the police?"

The sharp eyes of John Smith leaped from the face of the District Attorney to Thatcher Colt—and lingered there. "Maybe I have a theory," he admitted.

"What is it? Don't act so damned coy!" cried Dougherty impatiently.

Again that sly glance from face to face.

"There was one man who was burned up enough to kill her. Not because he hated her—do you get me—not because he hated her, but because he was nuts about her."

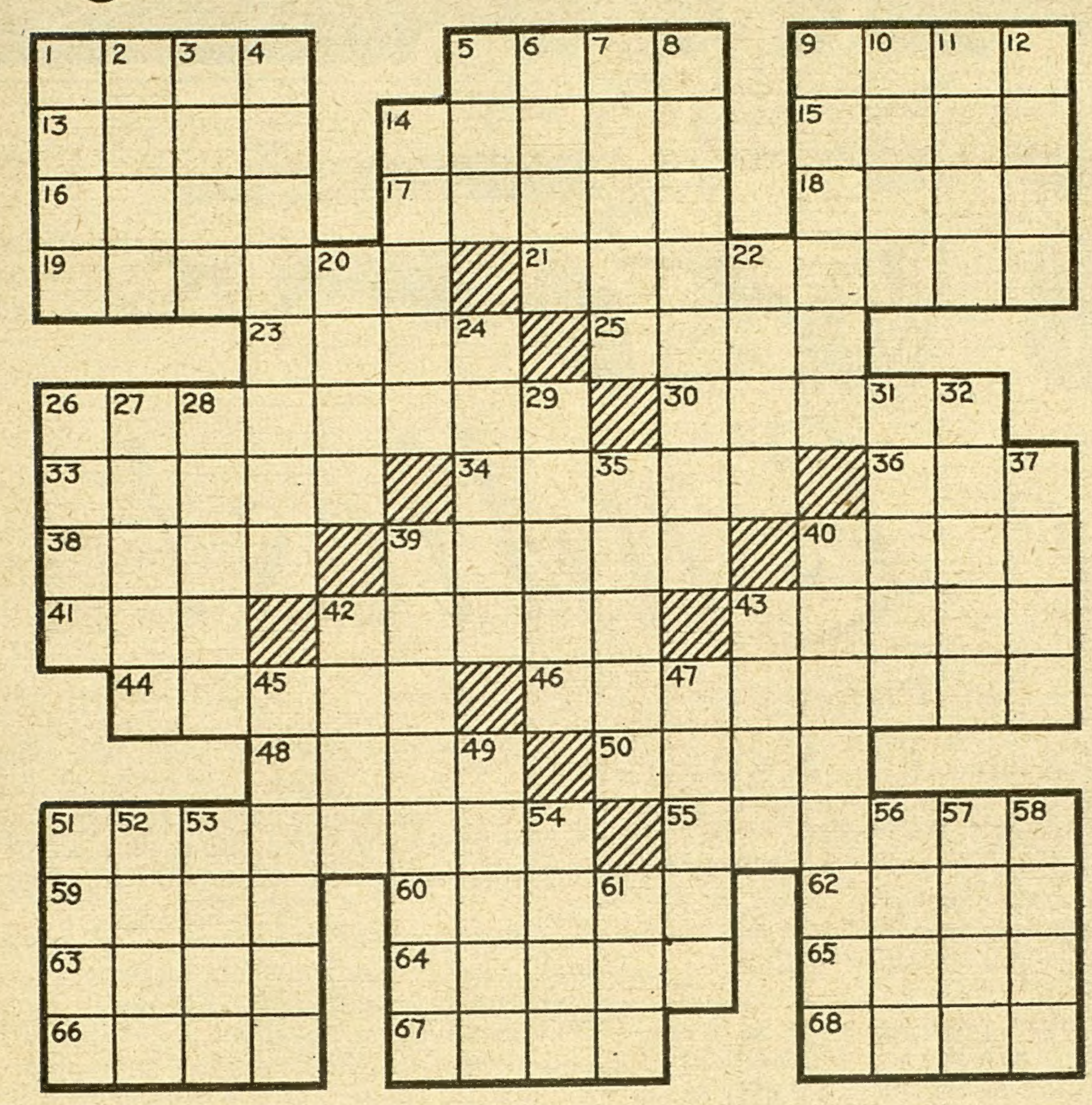
"Are you referring to Marburg Lovell?" asked Dougherty.

"Naw. These bum millionaires don't care as much as that for what they're after. But there is one poor guy that broods all the time because he loves her and she don't love him. He saw her first, too—while Flandrin was still a college guy. But even after Miss Josie married Flandrin—that didn't stop this other guy from moping, and wishing things was different, and all like that, see? I know what I'm talking about there—because I've carried the guy in this very car, and I've heard him talking out loud, until it was enough to give you the willies."

Dougherty stepped forward. "You've stalled enough," he said. "Who is this man you are talking about?"

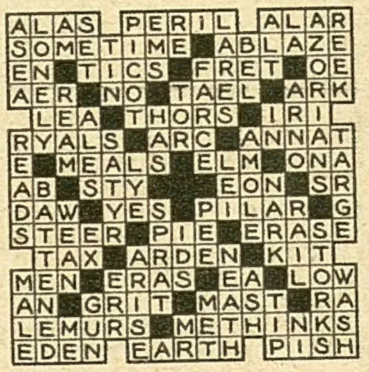
In next week's installment you'll learn the name of the man John Smith suspects—and see Thatcher Colt challenged by a new and tantalizing mystery.

Cross Words A New Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1 A female servant
5 A book of the New Testament
9 To fill more than even full
13 During some past time
14 A woman's name
15 An axis
16 Hinds or does
17 Memento
18 To take a tempting offer
19 An herb related to chicory
21 Flemish geographer of the sixteenth century
23 Perceives
25 A hill in Jerusalem (var.)
26 A fleet of vessels
30 Cloth gaiters
33 A bird of the crow kind
34 Angry
36 An objective pronoun
38 A river in Germany
39 Shears for cutting sheet metal
40 Withered
41 Meridian (abbr.)
42 Ancient Scandinavian legends
43 To pen up (dial. Eng.)
44 Thong
46 Laughed loudly or vulgarly
48 A book of the Old Testament
50 Earth
51 Reptiles
55 Small islands
59 The highest part, as of a tree
60 Pertaining to the iris of the eye
62 Biblical name (Gen. iv)
63 Prefix: before
64 Persons added to a jury
65 Town in Turkey in Asia
66 Want
67 Series of events of epical dignity
68 Kind of short jacket



A	L	A	S		P	E	R	I	L		A	L	A	R
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E	N	■	T	I	C	S	■	F	R	E	T	■	O	E
A	E	R	■	N	O	■	T	A	E	L	■	A	R	K
	L	E	A	■	T	H	O	R	S	■	I	R	I	
R	Y	A	L	S	■	A	R	C	■	A	N	N	A	T
E	■	M	E	A	L	S	■	E	L	M	■	O	N	A
A	B	■	S	T	Y	■	■	■	E	O	N	■	S	R
D	A	W	■	Y	E	S	■	P	I	L	A	R	■	G
S	T	E	E	R	■	P	I	E	■	E	R	A	S	E
	T	A	X	■	A	R	D	E	N	■	K	I	T	
M	E	N	■	E	R	A	S	■	E	A	■	L	O	W
A	N	■	G	R	I	T	■	M	A	S	T	■	R	A
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E	D	E	N		E	A	R	T	H		P	I	S	H

Answer to last week's puzzle

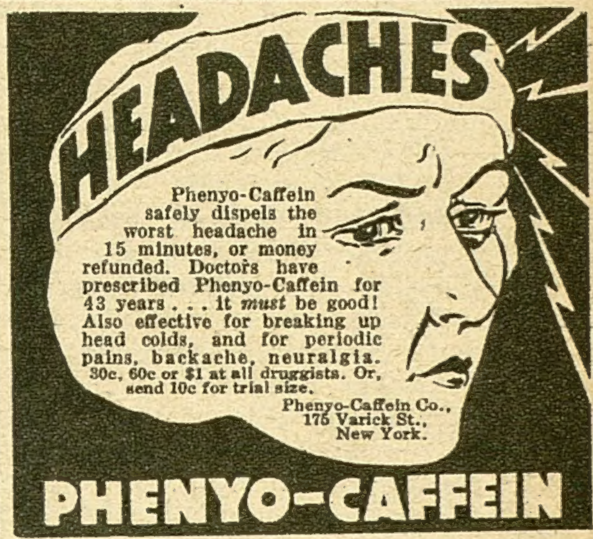
VERTICAL

1 Additional
2 At another time; again
3 Frosted
4 One who stops
5 A beverage
6 Deliver from agitation
7 Essays
8 Church officers in charge of utensils
9 A city in Cuba (var.)
10 Departure
11 Tenor violin
12 One of the same rank or quality
14 Trap for catching fish, etc.
20 Lode
22 To match with
24 A loop of rope or chain
26 Preposition: the source of an action
27 Places a burden on
28 Manifest
29 Pertaining to the doctrines of Arius
31 Belonging to them
32 To be of use to
35 Particular point in an orbit
37 Bamboolike grass
39 Silicate of magnesium and aluminium
40 Resembling a star
42 Not differing in kind
43 Kind of snowshoe (plural)
45 Struck with a quick, smart blow
47 Mints
49 Narrow piece of flexible material
51 Examine
52 Bird of prey
53 The noise of surf on the shore
54 Repository for fodder
56 Redact
57 Tropical plant having an edible rootstock
58 Member of a group of Mongoloid tribes
61 Roman money

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Ti-con-der-oga
writes its own
Endorsement, with
Ease, assurance.
The 5¢ pencil.

TICONDEROGA
With rounded edges for finger-ease
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Dept. 10-J, Jersey City, N. J. *Canadian Factory and Office:* Dixon Pencil Company, Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.



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To the Ladies!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 10 seconds.)

GREAT big statues of great big men are the specialty of sculptor Gutzon Borglum, artistic genius, politician, philosopher. He's the man who carved the gigantic Stone Mountain memorial, and who is now carving another mammoth pageant in stone out of the Black Hills of North Dakota.

One of the pleasantest days of my life was spent recently at Mr. Borglum's Connecticut home. We sat on the terrace where Theodore Roosevelt talked many an hour away with the sculptor, who was one of his closest friends, and I soon could tell from his conversation that the Borglum mind is as large in scope as the work of his hands. Never have I met a man with so strong a reverence for the wonder of creation.

Gutzon Borglum

We spoke of the world in general, of America in particular, of history and the future—and from such important items our talk drifted on to the subject of women. Being an artist, Mr. Borglum could tell me, I knew, what makes women beautiful.

" The charm of woman," he said, " comes from her living qualities. Women who have great charm get the essentials of it from inner sources—they are gifted with great sympathy or sensitiveness to life. Every woman has spiritual capacities within her.

If she would develop them, or refresh them, they would preserve her attractiveness more than beauty doctors can.

" One of the most attractive women I know," he declared, " is fifty-five years old and not at all pretty. Yet in a room full of beautiful women she gets all the men around her in five minutes."

Mr. Borglum cherishes friendship. Built a huge round table for his house so that his twelve best friends could gather around it once a week. Had twelve keys to his front door made—one for each best friend. So far he has handed out only seven keys.

WHEN we think of people resigning themselves cheerfully to a life of care, we imagine them making a rather pitiful effort to smile through their troubles. We're sorry for them.

I have just surprised myself by observing that this idea is usually the bunk. The virtue of resignation, I find, seems to be a natural gift. People who have it can't help it. They're made that way.

For example, take Catherine. Her husband makes money now and then, but most of the time they're hard up. Catherine could help her husband make more money in his business; I told her so and pointed out several ways she could do it.

" But Frank wouldn't like that," she said. " It would make him feel small. And it isn't my job, anyway.

" He's the one who makes the money. I make it go as far as I can. That is all I can do about it. When we have plenty I spend more, and when we don't have plenty I pull in my horns. My life has to match Frank's financial ups and downs, but I don't worry about it. That's his business."

A fortunate psychology, though not especially heroic, as far as I can see. Catherine takes life with a smile because she was born that way. At all events, she has more friends than any other woman I know.

DRILLING oil wells in Mexico may seem like a strange business for a woman, but I have just been talking with one who does it. As an American oil expert she gets invited to official banquets, and the banquets of Mexico are certainly unique.

" Everything is magnificent," she told me. " The guests wear elaborate evening attire; the tables are heavily decorated; the food is bountiful in the extreme, and very French. But they don't give you a chair. You eat every bite of that banquet standing up! And, what is more, you don't pick your plate up—you carry every forkful from the plate all the way to your mouth.

" It wasn't so bad for me," she said, " because I'm a shorty. But think of tall folks and those French sauces! "

Strange Mexican custom. I wonder why they banquet them standing up? The oil lady hasn't the faintest idea.

SCIENTISTS are so annoying. They *will* pry into things. Now they've discovered that eyebrows betray our age. Eyebrows droop as we grow older. That's why we pluck them, says Professor Suk of Czechoslovakia; elevated brows make us look younger.

Monkeys, too, says Professor Suk, put on a babylike expression by lifting their eyebrows.

On the other hand, Paris now says that the hair-line eyebrow is out. Not smart any more.

HERE'S a worth-while Danish trick for roasting a chicken. Instead of stuffing the bird, put in a good-sized bunch of parsley and a tablespoon of butter. The resulting flavor is new and delicious.

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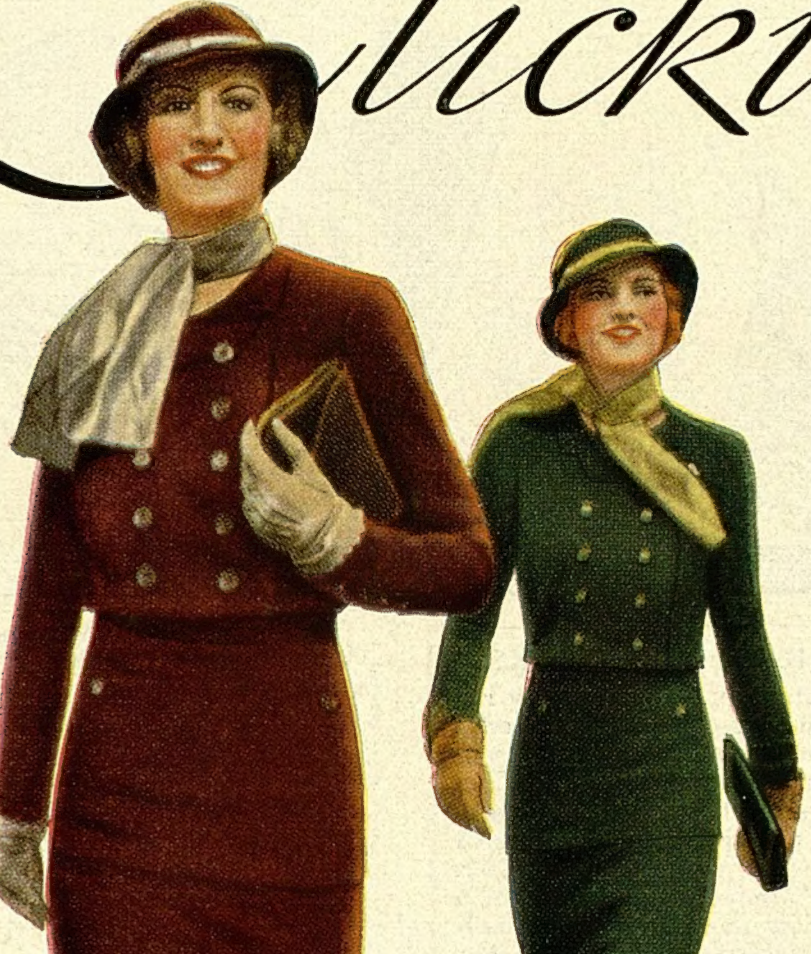

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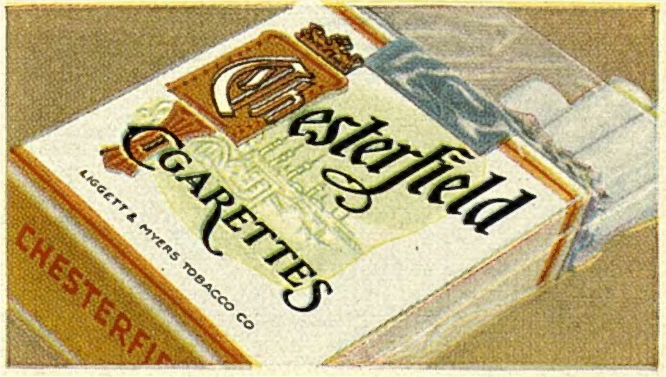
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